1925

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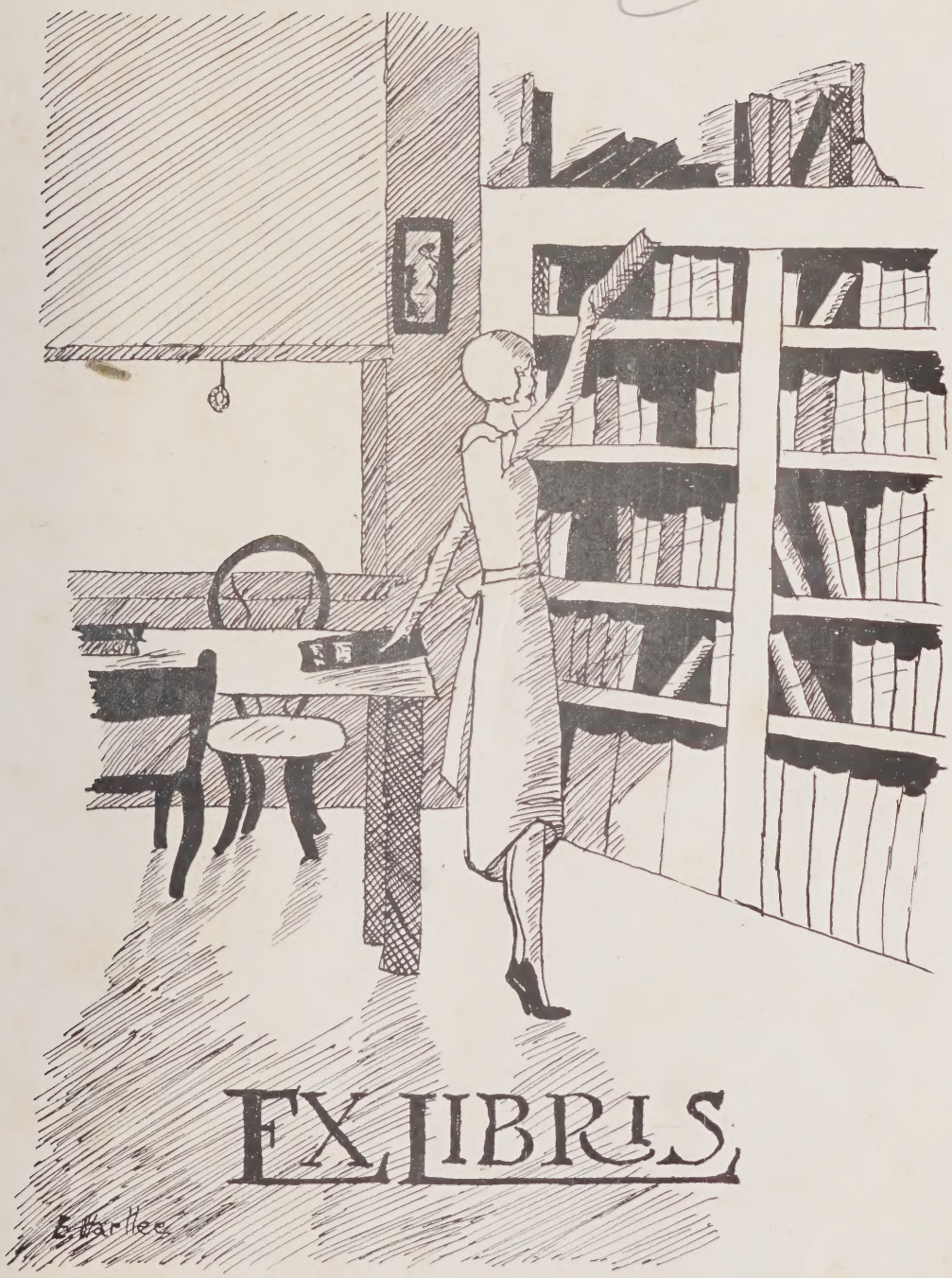
Sapphire



1925

Sapphire

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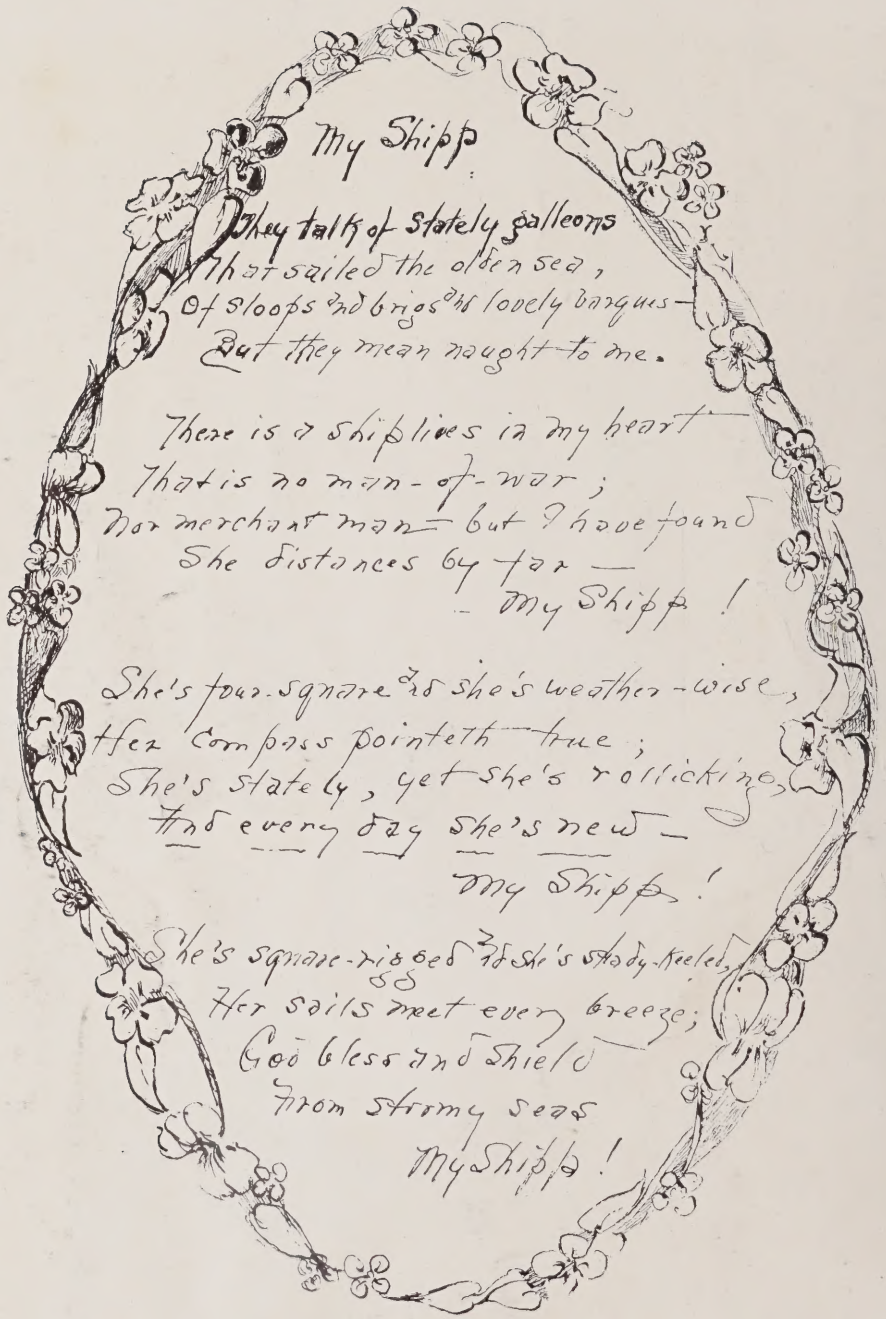
The Sapphire 1925

EDITOR IN CHIEF.....JAMESON BUNN
BUSINESS MANAGER.....FRANCES SCALES
ART EDITOR.....PENN LYNE



My Shipp.

They talk of stately galleons
That sailed the olden sea,
Of sloops and brigs and lovely barques—
But they mean naught to me.

There is a ship lies in my heart
That is no man-of-war;
Nor merchant man—but I have found
She distances by far—
My Shipp!

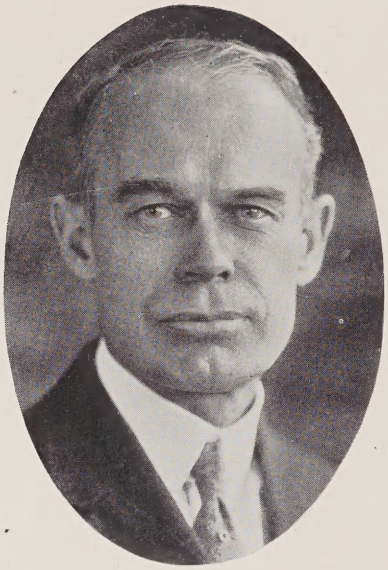
She's four-square as she's weather-wise,
Her compass pointeth true;
She's stately, yet she's rollicking,
And every day she's new—
My Shipp!

She's square-rigged as she's steady-keeled,
Her sails meet every breeze;
God bless and shield
From stormy seas
My Shipp!

DEDICATION.

Dedicated to Kate Cameron Shipp

1925



DR. JOSEPH R. SEVIER, PRESIDENT

FASSIFERN FACULTY, 1925

DR. JOSEPH R. SEVIER.....Augusta, Ga.
President

MISS OPHELIA STONE STONE.....New Orleans, La.
Dean, English Department

MISS ELIZABETH LOUISE STEINBRENNER.. .....Lowville, N. Y.
Latin

MR. JAMES BROOKS.....East Flat Rock, N. C.
Mathematics, History

MME. RUBINA RAVI-BROOKS.....East Flat Rock, N. C.
French, Voice

MISS MAUD SCHAEFFER.....Hendersonville, N. C.
Mathematics, History

MISS VIRGINIA WHEATLEY.....Hurlock, Maryland
Expression, Dramatics ....

MISS MARGARET SPRUNT HALL.....Wilmington, N. C.
Domestic Science

MISS HELEN BATTLE.....Tarboro, N. C.
Art

MISS NORMA MARSHALL.....Boston, Mass.
Physical Director, Gymnastics

MISS ELLEN FROST HAYNE.....Charleston, S. C.
French, Preparatory Department

MISS MARTHA A. DOWD.....Wilmington, N. C.
Music Director

MISS ELLA TEW LINDSAY.....Spartanburg, S. C.
Piano, Theory

MISS MARY A. COLEMAN.....Asheville, N. C.
Violin

MISS JENNY FLEETWOOD WESTFELDT.....Fletcher, N. C.
Bursar

MISS MARGARET H. SAMPSON.....London, Eng.
Supervisor of Health

MISS SARAH W. HANCKEL.....Charleston, S. C.
Supervisor of Household

OPHELIA STONE STONE

As Dean of Fassifern, she won our highest esteem; as Sponsor for the Sapphire, she won our admiration; and as Hall-Mother, she won our hearts. We respect and love her for her co-operation, sympathy, and understanding in everything. We can never forget Miss Stone and all she has been in our lives.

SAPPHIRE STAFF

Jameson Bunn ..... Editor in Chief
Martha Parker ..... Assistant Editor in Chief
Frances Scales ..... Business Manager
Lillian Braswell ..... Assistant Business Manager
Penn Lyne ..... Art Editor
Eliza Cox ..... Athletic Editor
Emily Braswell ..... Local Editor
Mary C. Tate ..... Music Editor
Helen Morrow ..... Domestic Art Editor
Louise Martin ..... Domestic Science Editor
Isabel Wilson ..... Expression Editor
Helen Hagood ..... Junior Editor
Dorothy Solomon ..... Sophomore Editor
Lena Kash ..... Freshman Editor

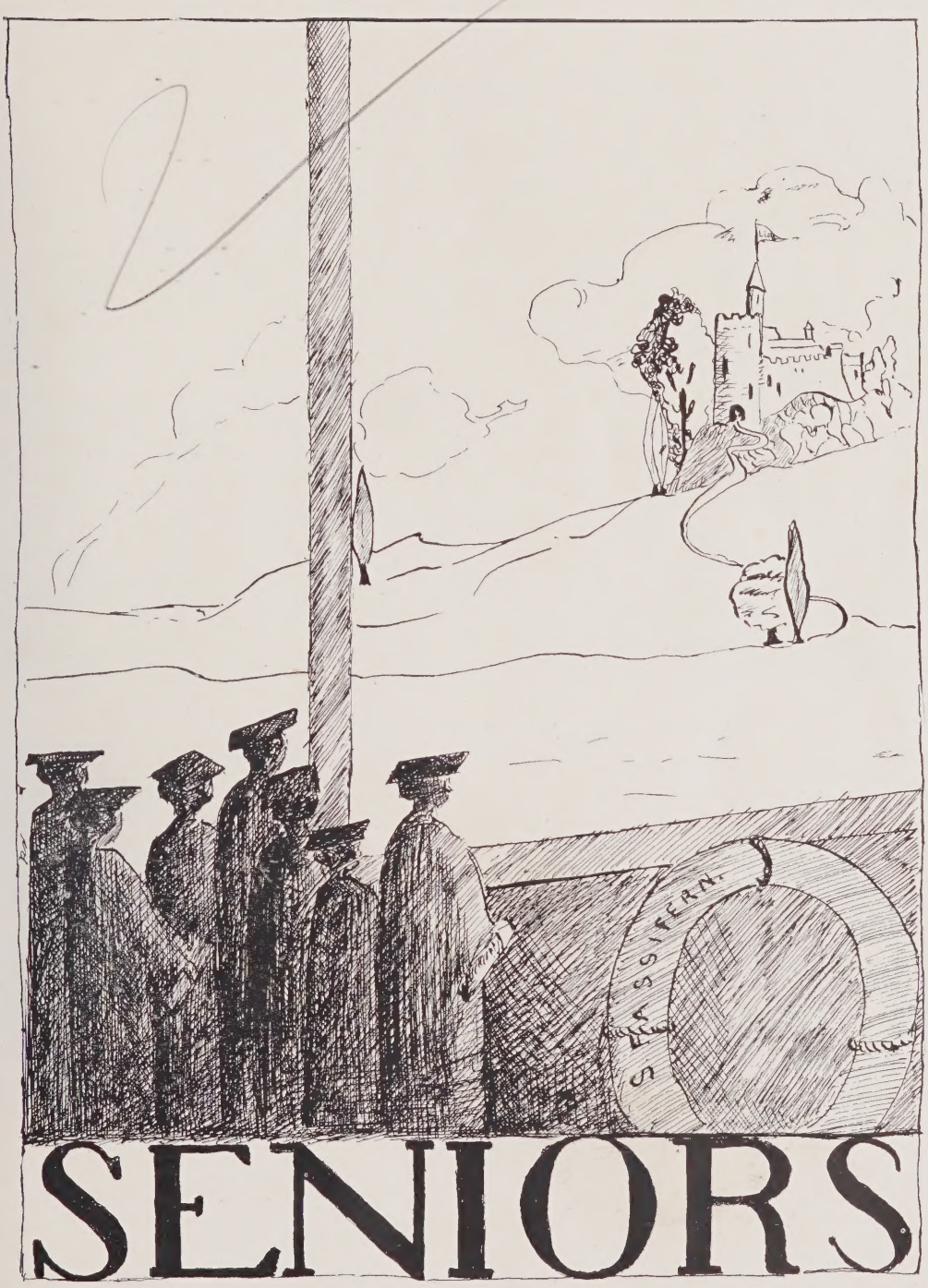
SENIOR CLASS POEM

Oh, Fate has a book, and at first it is new,
It's pages are white, and its cover bright blue;
But soon it is covered with pictures of life—
Snatched from the sunshine, and snatched from the strife.
Life is a scrap book—
No more.

As the years pass the years, unendingly long,
The pictures turn sad, and cease their gay song;
The cover is lost, the pages are torn,
It is yellowed with time, it is aged and worn.
Life is a scrap book—
No more.

But I'm sure when the last of the pages is turned,
And shadows are there, where at first the sun burned,
The leaves will still mean the whole world to me—
For they're pages of Fassifern friendship, you see.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, '25


SENIORS

SENIOR CLASS

Motto: Nihil nisi optimus.
Colors: Green and White.

OFFICERS

Frances Scales	President
Cecelia Bell	Vice-President
Martha Parker	Secretary and Treasurer
Miss M. H. Sampson	Advisor
Miss Virginia Wheatley	Sponsor
Hazel Ewbank	Mascot
Elizabeth Williams	Poet
Lillian Braswell	Historian
Martha Parker	Prophet
Jameson Bunn	Lawyer

FRANCES TAYLOR SCALES

Greensboro, North Carolina

Entered, '20; Candidate for Diploma; President Senior Class, '25; Class President, '21(2), '22(2), '23; Vice-President, '21(2); Dramatic Club, '21-'22-'23-'24; Lavender, '20,-'22-'25; White, '24; Presbyterian Treasurer, '25; Domestic Science Certificate, '20; Captain Volleyball Team, '24; Class Editor of Sapphire, '22; Riding Club, '21-'22-'23-'24; Music Club, '21; Tennis Club, '22-24; Marshal, '24; Fleetwood-Westfeldt Medal, '24; General Excellence Medal, '24; Bible Medal, '21; Baseball Team, '23; "Best Monitor" Medal, '23; General Helpfulness Medal, '23; Business Manager of the Sapphire, '25; Most Influential," '25; "Most Loyal to School," '25.

Loyal, dependable, sincere—that's Pan, our Senior President. She has been here longer than any one else, and each year has only added to her helpfulness and honor to the school. She has won a high place in the hearts of all who know her, and we wonder what Fassifern will ever do without her!

CECELIA CAPEHART BELL

Windsor, North Carolina

Entered, '23; Candidate for Diploma; Glee Club, '23-'24-'25; Secretary and Treasurer (1st quarter) '24; White, '24; Junior Volleyball Team, '24; Varsity Volleyball Team, '24; Marshal, '24; Lavender, '25; Secretary and Treasurer (2nd quarter), '25; Vice-President (2 quarters) '25; President Service League, '25; Best Follower, in dancing, '25; May Queen, '25.

As some one has said there are bells and belles—but there's no bell just like Cecelia Bell.

For one thing, she is natural always. Therein is her greatest charm. Naturalness is akin to beauty, they say, and Cecelia is no exception. All real bells must ring true, and 'Celia does—dependence in the 'nth degree—a friend to be valued, and a girl in a thousand. She is individual—'Celia.

MARTHA TURNER PARKER

Asheville, North Carolina

Entered, '23; Candidate for Diploma; Class Editor '23-'24; Music Club, '23-'24-'25; Glee Club, '23-'24-'25; Assistant Editor-in-Chief Sapphire, '25; Senior Play, '25; Lavender, '24; White, '25; Vice-President Class (1st and 2nd quarters) '25; Secretary and Treasurer Class (3rd and 4th quarters) '25; Class Prophet, '25; Reportorial Staff, '25; Student Council, '25.

Have you ever known a girl whose character was the queer combination of sincerity, dignity, wit, dependability and brilliance; who could always see the funny side of things, and yet be serious? Well, that's "Chops"! She is, too, a good judge of human nature, has an abundance of ideas, and is a friend through thick and thin. What more can be said?

NANCY ROSS PICKETT

Madison, N. C.

Candidate for Diploma; Entered, '25; Lavender, '25; Music Club, '25.

Laughing, carefree, happy—that's Nancy. Looking at her one might think her prone to neglect her work. But, no, where Nancy is, there a book's also; and then, too, she can write poetry. If you doubt, look further in our annual. Sometimes you hear of a girl who loves everyone, and Nancy is one of these—a friend to all. And do we love her?

Well, I should say!

ROSE LAMBETH

Greensboro, North Carolina

Candidate for Certificate; Entered, '22; Lavender, '22; White, '24-'25; Guilford County Club, '23; Music Club, Tennis Club, '23-'24-'25; Dramatic Club, '22-'25; Sophomore Cheer Leader; Basket Ball Class Team, '23-'25; (Capt) Sub-Varsity, '23-'24; Varsity, '25; Baseball Team, '22-'25; Volley Ball, '22-'23; Junior and Senior Plays, '23-'24; Tennis Team, '25; Cotillion, '24; Wearer of F; two Stars.

Speaking of good sports and athletes—watch Rose! There's nothing she can't do.

Rose is our class merry-maker. Mischievous lights dance in her eyes. She makes Fassifern a brighter place with her carefree laughter. But underneath her fun there is a heart of gold. A real friend is Rose, and one we all love.

ISABEL WILSON

Decatur, Georgia

Candidate for Diploma; Entered, '23; Class Basketball, '23-'24-'25; Sub. Varsity Basketball, '25; Class Baseball, '23-'24-'25; (Capt.) T. K. S.; Book Club, '24-'25; Dramatic Club, '25; Glee Club, '24-'25; Sextette, '25; Cotillion Club, '24; Lavender, '24-'25; (Capt.); Junior Play, '24; Senior Play, '25; Vice-President Missionary Society, '25; Wearer of F; Star and Crescent; Expression Editor, '25.

Have you ever thought so much of a person that you could not possibly express what you have to say? That's just the way we feel about Isabel. A rare combination of unusual brilliance and great personal charm. There is no wonder that she has won so many honors in dramatics. Also, Isabel is true in every sense of the term. In her we see honor, truth, loyalty, and something more—Isabel's personality.

MARY CLARA TATE

High Point, North Carolina

Entered, '21; Candidate for Diploma; Glee Club, '23-'24-'25; Dramatic Club, '25; Junior Basketball Team, '24; Junior Baseball Team, '24; Music Editor of Sapphire, '24-'25; Junior Play, '24; Senior Play, '25; Cotillion Club, '23-'24; Lavender '22-'25; White, '24; Sextette, '25; Bible Prize, '24; "Most Courteous," '25; "Most Dignified," '25; "Biggest Man-Hater," '25; Wearer of "F".

Honorable, dependable, sincere, courteous, a friend to all, the "biggest man-hater," and yet at times—how romantic! That's our "Tatey." A true sport—entering with the right spirit into everything—work or play, basketball, dramatics, recitals. She's our musician, and truly a fine one. What's left? Her real self, an indescribable something distinctly her own. We are proud of our "Tatey," and here's love to you always and success in all you undertake!

PEGGY PORTER

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered, '25; Candidate for Certificate; White, '25; Wearer of the "F"; Senior Basketball Team, '25; Senior Baseball Team, '25; Manager Varsity Tennis Team, '25; Varsity Baseball Team, '25; Varsity Basketball Team, '25; Book Club, '25.

An April day—beaming eyes and a broad smile one minute—the next a brow blacker than a thunder-cloud, and apparently no cause for the change; but like the April day, her storms are soon over, and her wide green eyes shining gleefully.

In other things, though, she is stable, and her loyalty, once she approves a person, unchanging. To please her, discuss with her the latest fiction, and disagree on all the main points. She flits gaily through them all, from Walpole to "The Constant Nymph," and never seems overcome. We fear, though, that constant following of this pursuit will stimulate her already overactive imagination to a fearful extent. We hope, therefore, for her sake, and for ours, that modern writers will slow down, both in numerousness, and content!

EMILY BRASWELL

Rocky Mount, North Carolina

Entered, '24; Candidate for Diploma; Lavender, '24-'25; Music Club, '24-'25; Book Club, '25; Dramatic Club, '25; Riding Club, '24; Local Editor of Sapphire, '25; Hiking Cup, '25; Reportorial Staff, '25.

It's just that same grim determination that made you win the Hiking Cup, that has made you win our hearts, and that will make you win success in life. Straight-forward, true, sincere, loyal, forgetful of self, always thoughtful in the little, everyday things—these go to make up school life. So, Emily, whatever you undertake, we know you will succeed, because that's just Emily.

ELIZA POTTER COXE

Asheville, North Carolina

Candidate for Diploma; Entered, '23; Class Volleyball Team; Music Club, '23-'24-'25; Tennis Club '23-'24-'25; Class Baseball Team, '23-'24-'25; Riding Club, '24-'25; Winner of Riding Meet, '24; Captain of Varsity Tennis Team, '25; Athletic Editor Sapphire, '25; Varsity Baseball Team, '25; "Most Athletic," '25; Tennis Cup, '23-'24-'25; Wearer of F and Star.

Eliza always delivers the stationery, goals and basketballs, and "places" the tennis balls where there is no possibility of their being returned. But, seriously, we all think a lot of Eliza, and if you want a friend and an optimistic sympathizer with your woes, go to Eliza!

DORCAS LOVE CARLAND

Asheville, North Carolina

Entered, '21; Candidate for Diploma; Tennis Club, '24; Hiking Club, '23; Secretary and Treasurer, '21; White, '21-'25; Dramatic Club, '21-'22-'23-'24; B. B. Club, '22; W.N.C. Club, '22; Music Club, '24; Volleyball Team, '23; Baseball Team, '22.

Allow me to introduce McBee's international walking dictionary, namely, "Dorkey." Any long word you don't quite understand, just ask Dorcas its meaning, and it will be immediately made manifest. But joking aside, Dorcas is a fine girl, always witty and clever, always entertaining and full of life, and above all, always true to her friends!

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

Hendersonville, North Carolina

Entered, '20; Candidate for Diploma; Class Poet.

Everyone loves Elizabeth. She is just an all-round good girl. She is always sweet and smiling. She always knows how to have a good time and to help others to enjoy themselves. Besides this, Elizabeth is talented in so many ways. Just ask any of the art students about her artistic ability, and as for poetry—well, she was elected Class Poet for '25.

Elizabeth takes with her the best wishes of many friends she has made at Fassifern.

EDWINA WILLIAMS

Salisbury, North Carolina

Entered, '24; Candidate for Certificate; White, '24; Lavender, '25; Senior Basketball Team, '25 Varsity Basketball Team, '25; Senior Play, '25; Commencement Play, '25; Music Club, '24-'25; Wearer of the "F."

It has been discovered that the combination of questioning big eyes and Titian hair has a way of proving fatal in more places than Annapolis!

Ed jumps like a young gazelle, runs and dances like a fleet wood-nymph, and even condescends occasionally to indulge in such material things as playing a snappy game of basketball. Then, too, Ed is a Peter Pan and a peach as well as a nymph, and—last but not least—a true and loyal friend!

ANNIE LOVE HAMBRIGHT

King's Mountain, North Carolina

Entered, '25; Candidate for Certificate; Glee Club, '25; Lavender, '25.

"Hamie" has certainly worked hard during her high school career, and she deserves the reward in store for her. There is no one more willing to do her share—and other people's, too. Quiet, studious, and unselfish!

ANNE WILSON WHITE

Raleigh, North Carolina

Entered, '24; Candidate for Certificate; Lavender, '24-'25; Junior Volleyball Team, '24; Music Club, '24-'25; Baseball Team, '25; Glee Club, '25; Sextette, '25.

Slick black hair, sparkling eyes, gypsy lights, an irresistible smile—Anne's face! An intangible something, a hidden depth—Anne's personality! A real pal, a good sport, and a true friend—Anne herself!

MARY JAMESON BUNN

Rocky Mount, North Carolina

Entered, '24; Candidate for Diploma; Glee Club, '24-'25; Lavender, '24; White, '25; Book Club, '24-'25; Class Baseball Team, '24-'25; Junior Basketball Team, '24; Capt. Senior Basketball Team, '25; Music Club, '24; Junior Play, '24; Chairman Reportorial Staff, '25; Varsity Basketball, '24; Capt. Varsity Basketball, '25; President Dramatic Club, '25; Senior Play, '25; Commencement Play, '24-'25; "Cutest," '24-'25; Wearer of F., Star and Crescent; Most Talented, '25; Most Intelligent, '25; Editor-in-Chief of Sapphire, '25; Class Lawyer, '25; Best All Around, '25.

From Miss Stone's "Jamie," to the Little Gardner's Bunny is quite a jump—however, these are both nicknames for our own beloved Jameson. Neither nicknames nor mere words can quite explain her. Such adjectives as talented, intellectual, peppy, irresistible, and fascinating, help us describe but after looking into the depth of Jimmie's expressive eyes—even Stevenson would shrink from describing such character and personality as lies therein. We have attempted to express our gratitude and love by naming our Jameson the best all around girl in school—and certainly no one could be more deserving.

LOUISE LATTIMORE

Bostic, North Carolina

Entered, '23; Certificate Pupil; Class Basketball Team, '23; Music Club, '23-'24-'25; Domestic Art Certificate, '24; Baptist Treasurer, '25; Lavender, '24-'25.

Loyal to school and friends, ready for service and ever dependable, just such a girl is Louise, who for three years has held the hearts of Fassifern.

HELEN DERMID

Hendersonville, North Carolina

Entered, '16; Candidate for Certificate in Business Course.

Helen is a dear. She is generous, kind, sweet and a good sport—always good natured and willing to do her bit. Altogether, Helen is a good, all-around girl, and she has been a great addition to her class.

FRANCES WHITFIELD WIMBERLY

Rocky Mount, North Carolina

Entered, '25; Candidate for Diploma; White, '25; Music Club, '25; Riding Club, '25; Senior Play, '25; Commencement Play, '25.

We have found a real friend in Frances—a girl who is always ready to join in our fun! We can depend on her, for whatever she does is done well. We wish you good luck, "Peke," and hope you will find friends as true to you as you have been to us.

MIRIAM TAYLOR WEEKS

Wilmington, North Carolina

Entered, '25; Candidate for Diploma; White, '25; Music Club, '25; Senior Play, '25; Commencement Play, '25.

If you want a sweet, true friend—go to Miriam. That's just what she is to everyone at Fassifern, and we all love her. She is quiet and dainty, and enjoys life thoroughly; especially when tripping the light fantastic!

LOUISE HOLSTON MARTIN

Springfield, Missouri

Entered, '25; Candidate for Certificate; Lavender, '25; Glee Club, '25; Music Club, '25; Domestic Science Editor Sapphire, '25.

Unmistakably popular, nor do we wonder why! Louise has brought the sunny south something new and different, and in her year at Fassifern has given and found the best in life.

ELEANOR VIRGINIA WILLIAMSON

Graham, North Carolina

Entered, '24; Candidate for Diploma; Music Club, '24-'25; Riding Club, '24-'25; Lavender, '24; White, '25; Most Unselfish, '25.

McBee Hall without Eleanor—a horrible thought! It's that same unselfish Eleanor who will divide her last Hershey bar, penny, or whatever she may possess. Add to this her many other sterling qualities, and is it any wonder we love her so!

EMILY MAY SARGENT

Hendersonville, North Carolina

Entered, '21; Candidate for Diploma; Music Club, '21.

Emily has been a day pupil at Fassifern for several years, but we never really knew her until she came to board in the middle of her senior year. What an addition she has been to McBee Hall! She is always smiling and pleasant to everybody, loyal and willing to help anyone, teachers and students alike—and in her studies! Although she does have a good time and enjoys life, she never neglects her studies. She is among the most brilliant in the Senior Class of '25.

MARGARET ELIZABETH HOLT

Burlington, North Carolina

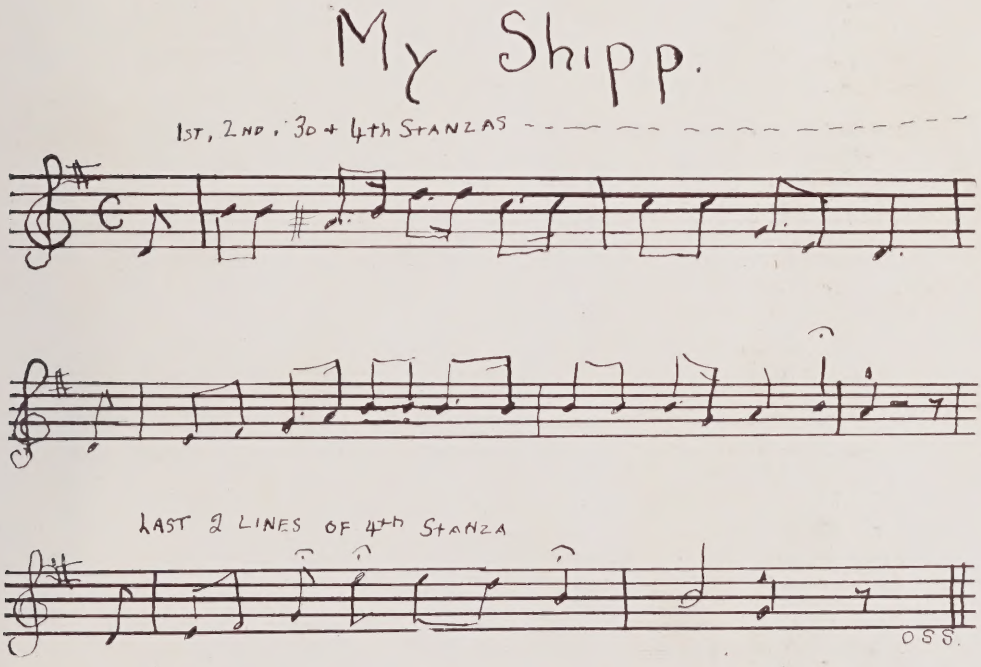
Entered, '24; Candidate for Diploma; White, '24; Bible Medal, '24; Music Club, '24; Tennis Club, '24; Riding Club, '24; Lavender, '25.

Dainty, attractive, sweet and lovable, that's Margaret! But don't think by this that she hasn't anything but a pretty face. She has her opinions, rather decided ones sometimes, which she doesn't hesitate to express. But she is generally right, we all agree, and Margaret's personality will be remembered not only by the "dignified seniors," but—ahem—well, several love-sick Freshmen.

LILLIAN BRASWELL

Rocky Mount, North Carolina

Entered, '24; Candidate for Diploma; Cotillion Club, '24; Dramatic Club, '25; Glee Club, '24-'25; Book Club, '24-'25; Captain Whites, '25; Lavender, '24; Sextette, '25; Methodist Treasurer, '25; Class Baseball Team, '24-'25; Assistant Business Manager of Sapphire, '25; Reportorial Staff, Riding Club, '24; Senior Play, '25; Commencement Play, '25; Class Historian, '25; "Best Natured," '25; "Most Attractive," '25.

Lil is hard to define—her eyes are generally sparkling—she is always laughing—always full of pep—and yet she *can* be serious—there's a character tremendously fine and worthwhile in the Lil that we all love. The Fairy god-mother has been kind to her in many ways, but above all, she is individual. And in her deep intelligent eyes appears at times a dreamy faraway light; it makes us wonder, this baffling light, and yet we love her because of her personality, which is peculiarly her own.

Senior Class History

Fassifern, with its tall mountains, its stately trees, its high ideals, and above all its Miss Kate, has for many years been the spot where virtues and faults have been displayed in the quest of an ideal.

The attainment of our goal began six years ago when Pan Scales first entered "ye good old gates." Have you a vision of Pan, our dignified senior president, in socks and curls, toddling into Fassifern?

Next year another little freshman, Dorcas Carland, moved into Main Building under Miss Sampy's care—can't you just see them! Miss Kate's little pee wees!

Oh, the feeling of dignity to be able to drop the little sub—and become proud freshmen. Was it this year that Miss Kate dosed the entire school with castor oil for sitting on the wet ground? Yes, but this did not lessen our feeling of importance, for were we not Freshmen, and therefore a very necessary part of school life?

A year slipped by, and with the new term came Celia, Chops, Tatie, Liza, Rose and Isabel.

1923—and a Junior! In Cameron Hall we found Jamie, Emily, Lil, Anne, Ed, Eleanor, and Margaret added to our class. Was there ever such a class! Look at the honors we won—truly our fame began with winning the class cup. In athletics, we won the baseball cup and the tennis cup, not to mention several girls who won letters, and our field day record. In dramatics note the success of the Junior Plays—"The Maker of Dreams," and "The Florist Shop."

Then a big test came last year—a test of our love for Miss Kate, and of our courage. Miss Kate left us in the middle of the year, and it was student government that proved to be the means of "carrying on," and student government meant the cooperation and help of every student. This we did to the best of our ability.

A Fassifern tradition is that the Juniors must give the Seniors some sort of farewell entertainment. We followed that tradition by giving a banquet at Biltmore Forest Country Club—a banquet which even the seniors voted unanimously to be a "plumb knock out"—That scene, with the soft candles, the gleaming silver, pretty dresses and happy faces, will linger long in our memories.

1924—and back at the same old school with many of the same good old crowd under the same ole' rules—but how vastly different was this role of dignified senior and residing in McBee Hall! With Miss Stone as House Mother, and a new family added to our class in the persons of Frances, Peggy, Louise, Miriam and Nancy, 'tis no wonder we have flourished as we have. Then just after we had selected our officers, Pan, Chops, and Celia, and were all ready to settle down to a long winter's work, Miss Kate told us she was going away, and that Dr. Sevier would come to Fassifern as president. Dr. Sevier did come, but not to take Miss Kate's place,—no one could do that,—but to carry on the work upon the foundations which she had so finely laid. As the year slipped by, he has made his own place, a big one, too, in every heart. Somehow, this year, with its privileges, its trips to Greystone, its happy hours in McBee Hall, will remain among the happiest in our lives.

We claimed many athletic honors, namely, baseball cup, tennis cup, basketball cup, and hiking cup; also, we still boast of our letter men.

We maintained our dramatic ability by our Senior play, "Adam and Eva." It is really difficult to confine the achievements of so great a class to so small a space, but I must mention our most outstanding accomplishment, the editing of the annual, Sapphire, 1925.

Lest we be accused of undue conceit, I cannot mention our minor inventions and discoveries, but it is sufficient to say that the Class of '25 has had from beginning to end an enviable record. And this is only a glimpse of the great things it foretells!

We have gained many things as we watched the world from the top of this hill; things that will ever remain moulded lastingly into our characters. And we hope that as time completes each year, each succeeding class may know the joy and the deep gratitude that we have known. And now

"We have finished, yet only beginning, we say,
Yes, finished to begin life's other day."

L. Braswell, '25

Last Will and Testament

of the Senior Class of 1925

NORTH CAROLINA,
HENDERSON COUNTY.

We, the Senior Class of '25 of the aforesaid county and state, being of simple mind, and considering the uncertainty of our days, have decided we'd better begin telling the truth and keeping the rules for a change, so do make and declare this last will and testament:

FIRST: My executor hereinafter named shall give our class a decent burial, (if any other class denies our glory) suitable to the wishes of our dear classmates, and pay all college expenses, together with our unjust debts, out of the first money coming into his hands belonging to our estate or any other he can get his hands on.

SECOND: To Fassifern, situated in the land of the Sky, where the climate is always just right, which has offered us an opportunity for developing our characters, strengthening our bodies, and uplifting our ideals—we, the seniors, do herein leave the truest blessing from our girl hearts.

THIRD: To Dr. Sevier, Miss Stone and the Faculty we leave our sincere and deepest thanks for the co-operation they have given us in any worthwhile objective we have striven for.

FOURTH: To the Juniors we give our ability to put over things right, and to their president some of our dear president's loyalty and righteousness. Also "our crow's nest," where we have spent delightful hours.

FIFTH: To the Sophomores,—our deadliest rival,—we leave the memory of many exciting field events,—and a word of advice! Follow the benevolent influence of the Class of '25, and some day you will find yourselves as dignified seniors, loving your school and your sister class.

SIXTH: We bestow on the Freshmen our dignity, some of their members being sadly in need of it—hush, Eva! and our athletic power, so that they can take our place fighting the Sophomores; also the gallery of pictures which adorns McBee Hall wall. Call for them at Room 9.

SEVENTH: These may seem trifling articles to those who do not know their present history, and a touching one it is in many cases—ask Lil Braswell, she will tell you—also many other things unless you escape—so prize these articles highly, for tho they're nonsense, there's a good deal of real friendship poured in.

(1) To the future inhabitants of McBee Hall we leave the pleasure of a daily bath in the little tub without our daily quarrel with Louise Lattimore.

(2) To those who room upstairs, our special little spot just at the head of the stairs, where they can have their little daily sessions at any time, with all the while an eye on the open window for any stray member of the faculty.

(3) To the Eastern Carolina girls, a flood—to be delivered parcel post to their homes October 1, 1925,—if they promise to use it to the same advantage it was this year.

(4) To Louisa Taber, who has small, dainty feet, we present Anne White's much boasted 4B sample shoes—we only hope the **little** stretching they have had won't make them too large.

(5) To any one who will receive it, a sadly over-used shirt that has been floating around McBee Hall all year. Sit down, Janice, it's too small for you!

(6) To Helen Hagood, whose eyes shine with the light of learning, we leave Rose Lambeth's ability to avoid work.

(7) To the art department, all your paint which has been collected at odd moments during the year. The mixture should make a very beautiful "Lavender."

(8) Louise Martin, our little fairy, bequeaths her petiteness to Ray Anderson; also some stray pennies, so she won't be "Buster's"—pardon, I mean busted.

(9) Celia Bell's much lauded athletic ability is finally relinquished with some regrets to Helen Morrow. Cherish it dearly, it's very elusive, Helen.

(10) To the most romantic of Cameron Hall—Sh!—Jack Reynolds—we leave Emily Braswell's passion for sunrises. We suggest Sarah Heyward as a roommate, then perhaps Sarah might hear the rising bell.

(11) To one who knows where to hide things and then find them again (Mary Quinlan, we suggest), we leave a sandwich 'lost' in Dorcas Carland's room.

(12) To Penn Lyne, who feels her importance not at all, and is never seen nor heard, Frances Wimberley's blustering speech and manner.

(13) To John Belk, whom we have just discovered on May Day wished to trip the light fantastic, Peggy Porter's grace of movement.

(14) To all those who have the happiness of taking Virgil next year, Isabel Wilson's thousands of words she looks up daily—may they aid them as they have us.

(15) To Miss Stone, our prayers that the occupants of McBee Hall will uphold our record (but not go above it), and in return that she will teach them a new kind of fire drill.

(16) To Eva Harris, Ruth Watts, and the like, Mary Clara Tate's conscientiousness and ability to be good,—and er—we might pour in a little of her man-hating for Margaret Moore.

(17) To Frances Alston, an alarm clock. So badly is it needed, that we will buy it for her ourselves if necessary.

(18) To the cats of Cameron Hall, Nancy Pickett's whine.

(19) To the occupant of cell number 9, a can of machine oil—wait till you get there, then you will see why, Harriet.

I hereby constitute and appoint my trusted friend, May Donoho, my lawful executor to all intents and non intents, to execute this, my last will and testament, exactly opposite to the true intent, and any meaning which might be gathered from the same, and every clause thereof—hereby revoking and making utterly good all other wills and testaments by me heretofore made.

In witness whereof, I, the said class lawyer, do hereunto set my hand and seal, this 30th day of May, 1925.

JAMESON BUNN. (Seal)

Signed, scribbled on and discussed by the said gossiping senior class in my presence, and presence of such other fellow sufferers as do subscribe their names as witnesses thereto.

LOUISA TABER,
SARAH RAY KIMBERLEY.

CLASS OFFICERS

FRANCES SCALES,
CELIA BELL,
MARTHA PARKER,

Note: A will, they say, must follow a set form, but ours is an exceptional will of an exceptional class, and so. we who hope to have many happy years before us, do take the liberty to repeat the words of our song in leaving our own Fassifern:

"We sadly go away,
But will not forget to come
Back again some day."

Senior Class Prophecy

It was New Year's day, Anno Domini 1940. The wind roared dismally in the chimneys and around the house, blowing the snow in fitful gusts against the window-panes, and chilling to the very bones any so unfortunate as to run against it. So it was with a sense of deepest concern that I nestled down among the cushions on a big overstuffed sofa, before a crackling fire, and prepared to enjoy a few peaceful hours. Suddenly I heard footsteps, and the door bell rang sharply. Evidently I was not to escape the usual New Year's visits, after all.

"Two ladies to see you, ma'am," said the maid, and she ushered in two strangely familiar figures.

"We are sorry to disturb you," said one," but we have here something which I am sure will interest you," and she produced the inevitable black case and began the usual ingratiating conversation of a book agent!

"I am Miss White, and this is my friend Miss Williams," she began. With delight I recognized them as two of our Senior Class at Fassifern, Ed and Anne! They were working as agents of the firm "Lambeth & Pickett Co," who had done splendid work in the Fassifern Alumnae, and who had gotten out the famous "Encyclopedia Alumnae," containing the history of every senior class from their graduation day to the present time. Delighted, I took the sample book Anne handed me, and hastily turned its pages until I came to the one entitled, "Class of '25." The names were given in alphabetical order, with a brief history beside each. I read the first name:

Bell—I had often wondered what Celia could be doing, so I was glad to find she was happily married, and now took an active part in the state society for the promotion of domestic bliss.

E. Braswell—With surprise I learned that Emily had become one of the world's leading toe dancers, unexcelled in grace and power of rhythmic expression.

Lil Braswell is also world famous as a leading opera singer!

Bunn—to what had Jameson turned her many talents? An actress, I thot. But no—she is one of the world's greatest surgeons, and has already saved the lives of many, supposedly, hopeless cases.

Carland—I wondered if Dorcas still sold chocolate, devoting her spare minutes to counting the pennies! But she has outgrown such juvenile occupations and is now using all her time and energy in scientific research, in a supreme effort to prove the Darwinian theory to the unconverted.

Of course Eliza Coxe has become the world's champion tennis player and her home is filled with trophies from the Olympic games and elsewhere. Helen Dermid is engaged in a florist shop, at the same time seriously contemplating matrimony, while Louise Lattimore and Annie Hambright are the most capable of head nurses in the state "Hospital for the Mentally Overtaxed."

Next came Holt—So, Margaret is living in New York, and her salon is noted as the meeting place of the shining social lights; and also, the most famous (and handsomest) young actors are made welcome and inspired to higher things.

Martin—Louise has at last become a Senator from Missouri, and her dramatic debates furnish material for many pages in the Literary Digest.

Porter—after various attempts as an English professor, Peggy has decided upon journalism as her life work, and at present is busy writing a series of humorous sketches entitled "The Autocracy of Former School Teachers."

Then followed Scales—Is Pan a famous speaker? Perhaps governor of her state? No—Pan has established a young ladies seminary in Australia, where she endeavors to instill the highest ideals and ideas into the silly heads of the flappers of 1940.

Three world famous names followed. As to be expected, Emily Sargent is a wizard with her violin. Mary Clara Tate has made several concert tours, and has a studio in Paris, where it is a great honor to take lessons from her; and Elizabeth Williams is truly a great painter, her best painting holding an honored place in the London Art Gallery. Wilson came next—Isabel is happily married to a fine doctor, and the devoted couple and family are the proud possessors of a home in Brooklyn.

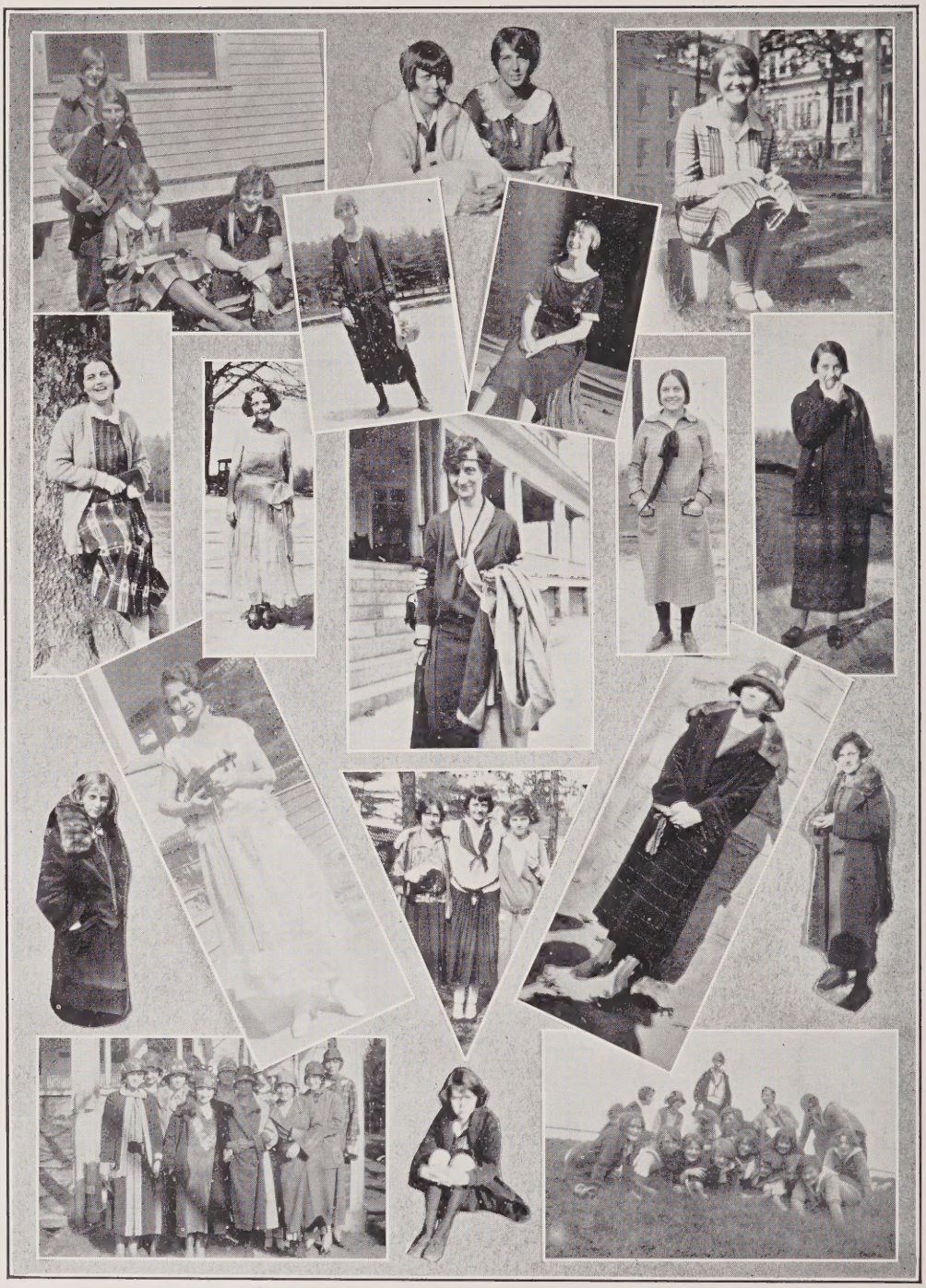
Wimberly—Frances is also married, to a Missionary in China, who has said that

without her sympathy and encouragement his great work could never have been done. Now we are almost through, as next comes—

Williamson—Eleanor's has not been an especially spectacular career, but her patience and perseverance are deeply appreciated by the other members of the Salvation Army.

One more—Last but not least, comes Weeks—Miriam has established a flourishing bachelors' home in the Sunny South, where "hordes clamor" for admission.

So this is the record of the Class of '25, and though various and sundry are the professions and callings of that illustrious group, you may be sure that one and all, thru sunshine and shade, they have kept true to the high ideals of Fassifern. Long live the class of '25!

PARKER, '25.

SENIOR SNAPSHOTS

Chewing Gum and Grey Eyes

The girl sat staring idly out of the station window, chewing gum; and I sat studying the girl. I was looking for a new type, individuality, for my new story. In the station I felt sure of finding a combination of many classes of humanity. This girl seemed promising.

Her eyes turned from the window, and for an instant gazed into mine; her eyes, dark grey, intelligent, straight-forward, with down in their depth a knowledge of the world, held me spell-bound.

Intelligent grey eyes—chewing gum in a station. What kind of a girl was this?

Slowly, very slowly, I rose and walked out of the room. Just before closing the door, I turned for a last glance. The girl's seat was empty.

"Chewing gum, intelligent grey eyes," I murmured; "what a story that will make!"

BUNN, '25

The Eighth Room

First you passed through the portieres and went in.

Then it hit you; hit you softly, with the futile strength of a baby blue cloud thrown hard. But with all the force behind it the little cloud was only able to seep in—a gentle moisture about your face, gradually making you aware of its demise.

Then, and then only, were you able to comprehend that around you, you saw a room, (that was it!); and to call it a room alone is too confining, too materialistic, because, for the short time in which you were there, you were conscious of nowhere else. The place was all sufficient by itself.

It consisted of mirrors and reflections; and of vague grays and blues, and silvers, and shadows. (And the thought came to you that this was the missing room—the Eighth Room of Poe's castle in the "Masque of the Red Death"—or anyway, if it wasn't exactly that, it was conceived with that idea in mind. For there was no room of soft blues and grays and silvers in that tale, tho one always felt that there should have been such, to counteract the stark and disquieting red room, which is the aftermath of that story).

Three tall windows, narrow and Gothic in contour, lay on one side. Mirrors of corresponding size were infixed contrary to these on the opposite wall. Pale opaline draperies fell slightly over both windows and mirrors, and silver shadows reflected from the slender openings from time to time. As the windows contained no glass, a quiver of breeze occasionally fluctuated through the draperies and room.

This was the very antithesis of the Red Room; where in it was hot, tedious, and glaring, this one was soft, cool, and shimmering. As in the moonlit scene by the river in "Aida," one felt that the place was saturated with the rippling lilts and murmurings of a harp.

There was an intangibleness about the place that was hard to realize fully. The room was an event—a rare event. And one which, fortunately or otherwise, only the esoteric few are privileged to enjoy.

We left it as suddenly as we had happened upon it—storing the vision of it away; for this room had been one of the things one reads of, dreams in, visionizes, but never sees. It was unreal.

PORTER, '25.

A Make-Believe Land

There's a place in the stream which wanders
  Through the sleepy hollow vale,
Where the bushes bend low on either side,
  And their leaf-boats drift and sail.

And it's there that we used to gather
  On a lovely summer's day;
And there in that Land of Make Believe
  With fairies or giants we'd stay.

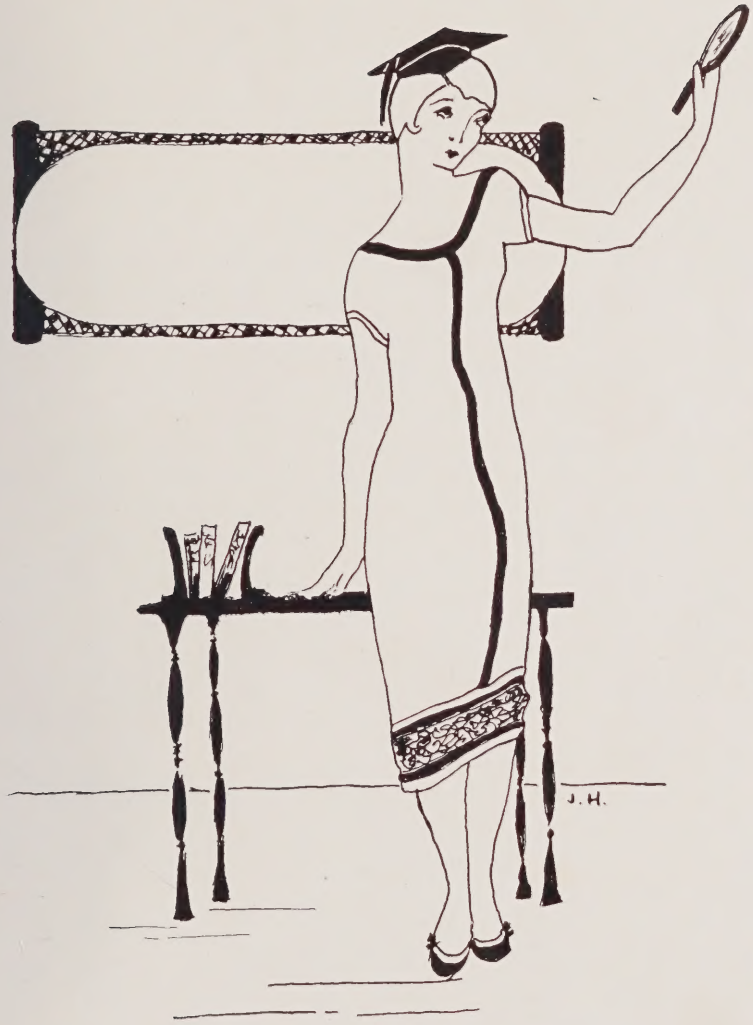
Sometimes pirates would live there,
  Or maybe a powerful king,
And witches and dwarfs and dragons,
  And every sort of thing.

But we left the sleepy hollow,
  When the cooler seasons came;
And though often after we went there,
  It was never again the same.

Still the leaf-boats lazily float there,
  As the stream sings on its way;
But gone is the Land of Make Believe,
  And gone is that Yesterday.

PARKER '25

JUNIORS



Advice to the Juniors

You're doubtless very much elated over the prospect of actually being in McBee Hall next year, and being dignified seniors. Well, we don't blame you in the least for being excited, 'cause McBee Hall is a mighty fine place to be. We've certainly had a lot of fun, but we feel it our duty as seniors of experience in the ways of the world to give you a little advice on the methods of your existence next year in McBee Hall and in school.

First, it's well to come prepared. Be sure to bring at least one needle, but by no means let anyone know where that needle is, not even your room-mate. Then, perhaps, you will not have to run all over the hall yelling for "the needle," (for we've found there's seldom more than one at a time in the building). Also scissors are very precious, as well as extremely scarce. Especially on Saturday afternoon, when you have stayed home from shopping to paste things in your memory book, it is indeed exasperating to find that your sacrifice was in vain, because you can't find an unoccupied pair of scissors anywhere.

Also, those who plan to stay upstairs had best reserve one step for cold mornings—be sure to get one that doesn't creak. And those down stairs dash for the place by the radiator next to the wall. For there you can lean up against the wall and doze off again as well as get warm.

The occupants of Room I beg me out of the kindness of their hearts to warn you against getting the first bed in that room—for every time one turns over the fact is made known throughout the building by the unnecessarily noisy knobs on the foot and head of the bed. Also, the occupants of Room 4 warn those who occupy that room in the future to be considerate of the table which, from overwork, is very rickety. They seriously doubt it will be able to stand up under a very heavy load.

And for the benefit of the whole house, don't more than six people get in the swing at one time. You know, even the very best of swings can't stand forever.

But seriously, Juniors, come prepared for hard knocks as well as the best time you've ever had. You know, Life is not at all a song, and neither is your Senior year. There are things you'll be disappointed in, but so many wonderful lessons you'll learn—not only from books but in Life—to be true to your friends, loyal to your school, and faithful to duty and responsibility. Make loyalty your watchword. For with that, your school, your class and your friends will prosper.

M. C. Tate, '25.

JUNIOR CLASS

MOTTO—*Facta non Verba*

Sponsor—Miss Lindsay

Advisor—Miss Marshall

OFFICERS

First Quarter

Kimbly ..... President
Quinlan ..... Vice-President
Harriss ..... Secretary

Second Quarter

Kimbly ..... President
Quinlan ..... Vice-President
Hagood ..... Secretary

Third Quarter

Lyne ..... President
Kimbly ..... Vice-President
Hagood ..... Secretary

Fourth Quarter

Lyne ..... President
Kimbly ..... Vice-President
Hagood ..... Secretary

CLASS ROLL

Balle	Harriss	Lyne
Eberhardt	Hudgins	Quinlan
Hagood	Kimbly	Smith

Tale of the Winds

(As They Blow Through The Pines)

Out of the dimness, far from the plain,
Stands in its lonesomeness, pine tree of pain;
Pine tree of dusky night, pine tree of morn,
Pine tree of ages past, ancient and worn.

Mountain winds, sweeping, tell of the time
Pine tree stood hoping, there in its prime;
Tell of an Indian Brave, silent and still,
Waiting for youth and love, on that far hill.

Indian Brave, hoping, waited for years;
Days full of sadness, days full of tears,
Not for the Indian Brave, but for the tree,
Growing its ages out, living to see.

Pine tree was watching ,all things he saw,
Indian grew aged, wind cold and raw;
Indian say fare-the-well, goes with the light,
Pine tree saw nevermore, after that night.

Followed the winds, the rain, snow and the sun,
Followed for pine tree, a new life begun;
Years passed the years, ages away;
And into pine tree's life came white man's day.

And after the white man, who will it be?
Who by the lone pine, who by the tree?
Who by the pine of pain, far on the hill,
Growing its ages out, silent and still?

BALLE, '26.

A Girl in Cameron Hall

She was awakened about eight-thiry by an unnecessary noise, made by the maid in getting her things ready for the bath. This was Sunday, so she wouldn't scold her, but she was getting too careless for words. It was the second time that week she had been disturbed, and, besides, the Cameron Hall maids were the worst of all. She was planning how she would report it to Doctor Sevier when the clock struck nine. She was glad they didn't have bells at Fassifern, for clocks were bad enough. As the maid had her bath ready, she got up. There was a note under the door, saying that her breakfast would be sent up at ten, and the car would be waiting at eleven to take her to church if she wished to go. She also found a long, narrow box containing a beautiful corsage of roses, and a note inviting her out to lunch. Yes, she thought she would accept.

Two hours later found her ready for church and sitting on the bed talking to several other girls, when the butler announced the waiting car. She hurried to keep from being tardy.

To be sure, the sermon was interesting, but what was it all about, anyway? She had a faint recollection of the minister mentioning something about a new Easter dress that a young wife wanted, and how her sympathy had been excited when one struggling young husband was forced to tell his loving spouse that he couldn't afford it. She really didn't know what connection the new dress had to the sermon; but one thing, it wasn't for her, because she wasn't married. As far as that went, she never wanted to get married; unless someone asked her. Of course she might consider it then.

Today she was one of the favored few of Fassifern, for she had an invitation out to lunch. Well, she felt sorry for those poor children up at school eating scrambled chicken, while she would go to some hotel in Asheville and eat—well, everything there.

After spending a pleasant afternoon riding she dreaded going back, but, as she thought, everything must end, even the day. So she returned with amazing stories or marvelous adventures. Yes, this had been a wonderful day! Almost the end of a Perfect Day.

She was just getting out of the car when the rising bell rang, and in a minute Miss Jenny was in the room trying to wake her up!

"Get up, get up, dear, you must have been dreaming. The rising bell rang several minutes ago. I'm coming back before breakfast, and if your bed cover is not turned down you'll get a 'disorder.'"

It was quite a different young lady who answered at roll call: "Didn't hear rising bell, but necessary."

HARRIET EBERHARDT, '26.

A "Strange" Occurence

In the heart of Richmond, in the State of Virginia, there is an old church that has long been called St. John's Church. It is situated on a hill overlooking the city, and to one side of it is a large graveyard in which are old graves dating back for several hundred years. In this church Patrick Henry made his heroic appeal for either "Liberty" or "Death." Because of this historical connection the church has many visitors. These visitors, as a rule, remember, not the church, but the old man who has for many years been its caretaker.

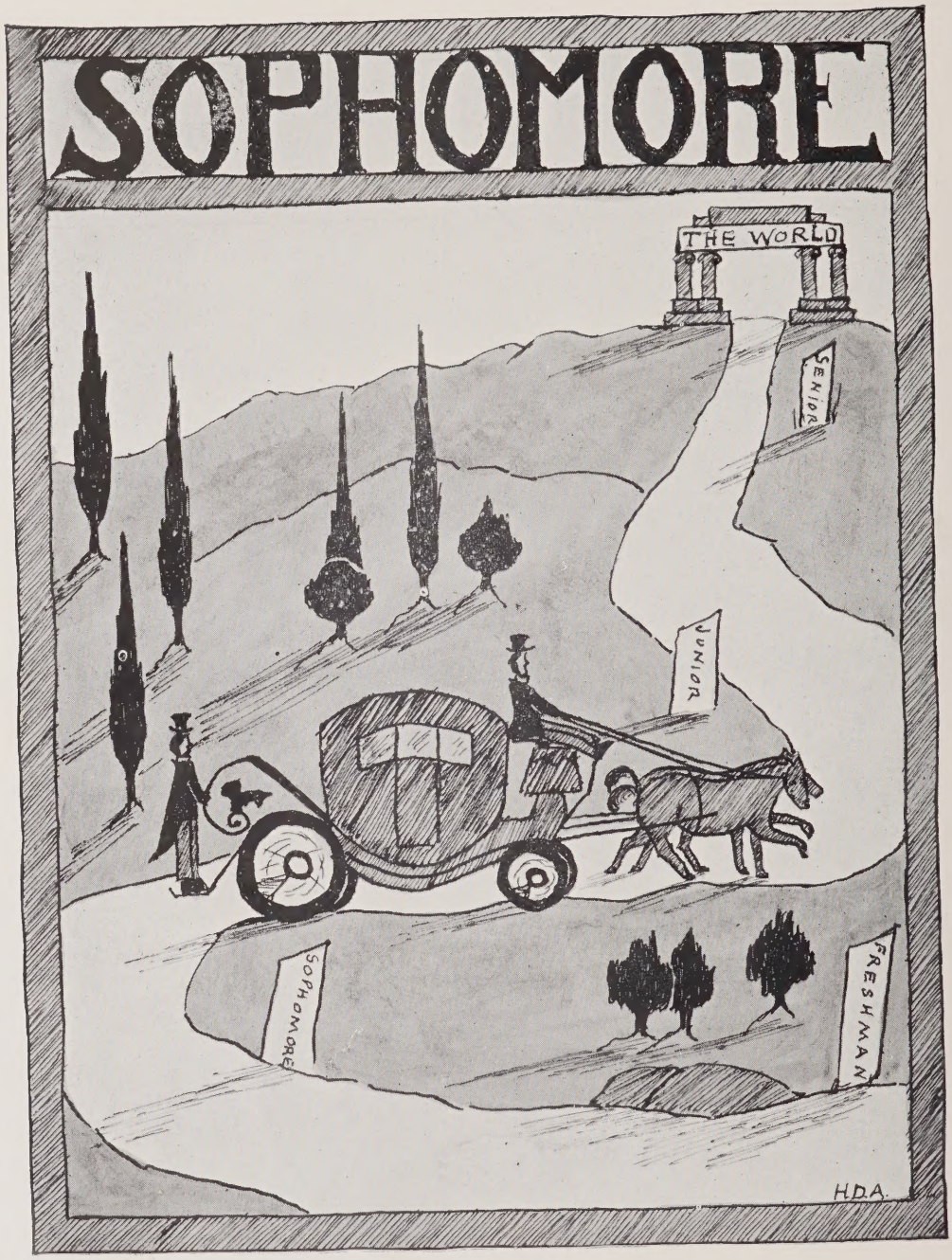
This caretaker is a little old man with a white beard, lots of little laughing wrinkles, and a round jolly face. He is quite a character, and has a good share of that all-too-seldom found commodity called "dry wit." He never tires of following visitors around the graveyard and pointing out to each one the graves, giving in the meanwhile bits of history, legendary as well as true.

I will give here only one legend which I have heard him relate.

When we came to an old grave dated 1748, I read aloud the inscription, "Here Lies a Lawyer and An Honest Man!" The little old caretaker stopped stroking his chin and began, "Well, you may think that's a queer inscription, and it is. But the man who was buried here didn't think so. He was a Mr. Strange, Walter Strange, and he made a request that nothing be on his tombstone but, 'Here Lies a Lawyer and An Honest Man.' He was thinking, of course, that on reading it, anyone would know that his name was Strange." "Well," continued the little old man, "just since I've been in charge of this church several rather 'strange' things have happened in connection with this very grave. First there came an Englishman, who, after reading the inscription, exclaimed, "why, how peculiar!' Later on there came a Frenchman, who read the inscription, then threw up his hands and began muttering, 'It es beyond mee, beyond mee.' Then there came a German, who, laughing, protested, 'Och, mein Gott, des es one funny 'Mercan man!'" Last of all, and as a climax, the little caretaker turned to me and with twinkling eyes said, "And then there came a little fat red-faced Irishman who, after reading the inscription twice, repeated aloud, 'Here Lies a Lawyer and An Honest Man,' and began scratching his head. Suddenly his face lighted up in the most benevolent way and he burst out, 'Bedad, if they haven't gone and put two men in the same grave!'"

With that the old man considered his tale told, and we passed on to the next grave

HAGOOD, '26.


SOPHOMORE
THE WORLD
SENIOR
JUNIOR
SOPHOMORE
FRESHMAN
H.D.A.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

MOTTO—*Esse Quam Videri*

Sponsor—Miss Hayne Advisor—Miss Hall

Colors—Lavender and Gold

OFFICERS

Louisa Taber..... President Frances Reynolds ..... Vice-President

Mabel Tate....Secretary & Treasurer

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Name	*Nickname*	*Pet Saying*	*Ambition*
Helen D. Archibald	Archie	G-r-e-a-t Goodness	(To shrink in all directions)
Katherine Arrington	Kitty	I have never!	To have curly hair
Ray Anderson	Snooks	Step to—	To go to Heaven
Gwendollyn Apple	Piggie	Let's dance	To get there
John Belk	------	Blah!	To learn to dance
Nancy Cannon	T.	Oh, hush!	To have a date at Fassifern
May Donoho	Donny	------	To be able to work Algebra
Carter Freeze	Sap	"Oh, dear me, suz."	To understand Latin
Sara Heyward	------	Lover	To have flowing locks
Barbara Gray Myers	Babs	Wonder if I got a letter?	To get a letter every day
Margaret Moore	Micky	Excuse me	To get my MRS. degree
Helen Morrow	Buzz	What d'ye think you are?	To be a criminal lawyer
Martha Reading	Ickie	Oh, Peter!	(To be able to swallow the dictionary)
Frances Reynolds	Jack	Gosh a'mighty!	To have a senior ring (of my own)
Dorothy Solomon	"Dot"	'n' everything	To be a judge
Julia Smyth	Missy	Ye gods	To have a good time
Louise Taber	"Wesa"	Oh, pardon me!	To be squint-eyed
Mabel Tate	"Gyp"	Have you ever?	To hear rising bell
Ruth Watts	Rufus	My cow	To be good

PLAYING THE GAME

Harry Lockwood was a terribly tall, awkward boy. Old and yet young. That is, young but thought he was old. He wore glasses and was stoop-shouldered. The only thing about him that amounted to anything was that he had a good memory, and his motto was, "If at once you don't succeed, try, try again."

He had proposed twice to Margaret Millner and made attempts to kiss her three times, but it seemed that he failed in everything when around her. Anyway, he was sticking to his motto and on his way to try again.

He whistled merrily as he walked up the drive of the Millner home. Then he rang the bell.

As Margaret wasn't yet ready, he sat down on the porch to wait for her. On one side of the house Margaret's small brother and a few others were having a game of baseball. He was watching them when Margaret came out.

They sat down in the swing and were having what one might call a sensible conversation, or at least as sensible as Harry could make it, when he caught her in his arms. She tried to free herself, and he was just about to let her go for the fourth time, when one of the baseball players shouted, "Ball four, take your base." This was great encouragement to Harry, so instead of letting her go, he went on and kissed her. When he did let her go, she was furious, and asked him to leave. He tried to apologize, and even made an attempt to propose again, when he heard the same voice yell in the side yard, "Strike three, batter out!"

As he walked down the drive his head was inclined to droop, but he smiled as he wondered if they would have another inning.

REYNOLDS, '27.

A NARRATIVE

This summer I was up on the Maine coast, visiting my aunt, who lives on an island about four hours from Portland. Bailey Island is about four miles long and two wide. On the west side is the ocean, some reefs and jagged rocks. On the east is a small bay. Only in recent years there has been a lighthouse to warn steamers of reefs, and before then was a lightship, which is really a floating lighthouse.

One afternoon my aunt took me to see an old sea captain who lives by himself. He is supported by the government. After we had been introduced and Aunt Ella was engaged in conversation, I took the liberty of looking around me. The first thing that caught my eye was a bronze cross on the top of the hill facing the ocean, and at its base flowers were swaying in the breeze.

I turned to Captain John and asked him what the cross was for. A look of pain flitted across his face. There was a pause, then Capt'n John went to a small shelf and brought back a crude pencil sketch of a beautiful child.

"Miss Martha," he said, "it is a painful story, but I will tell you. Miss Ella knows it already."

"It was this er way. Lucy, my wife, died when I was about six and thirty, leaving me a little angel, whom I called Ellen. I was then captain of the life boat. Ever since Ellen had been five she had begged me to take her on one of my trips. So I promised her that I would on her seventh birthday."

"The day dawned bright," here his voice broke. "So that night I took her with me. I had received word that a large steamer full of women and children would pass that night about nine. We were sailing along when a wind commenced to blow. The speed increased until it reached a tempest. The waves were thirty feet high and no one could go on deck." He stopped, and it seemed as though he was living it over again. His hands were clenched and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. "I knew that the ship couldn't stand it, and I thought of rushing into port to save my darling's life. Also, my men's lives. But then a thought struck me. The steamer without the beacon of light to lead her would go on the rocks in the terrible storm and fog."

"I paced back and forth, little Ellen holding my hand and looking at me with wonderment. I wanted to go back, I was afraid, but then, in my imagination I could see the ship go on the reefs, I could hear the cries of the women as their little ones were swept overboard. It was too much, and so at all costs I decided to stay."

"About ten-thirty the steamer passed safely. So we started for port. Suddenly the ship gave a lurch and went over on her side, with a crushing sound against the rocks.

"I grabbed Ellen and, throwing a life-saver over us, started out the door. I had just reached it when a wave caught us, and I knew nothing more."

"Three days later I awoke in my house. I called Ellen, but she did not come. The doctor came in with a sad expression on his face, and then I knew that my darling had gone to God. I had been found the next day on the beach still holding Ellen in my arms. All of the crew were dead."

Here he stopped and a low moaning sound came from him. My own eyes were blinded with tears, and tears were falling fast from his dim blue ones.

There was utter silence. Finally he told how the fisher folk, who had loved Ellen, dedicated the bronze cross facing the west, in her honor.

As we turned to go, he said, "Miss Ella, I couldn't go on living if it wasn't that Ellen comes back to me. And I think that it is the way God rewards me."

It was a week later. I was standing on the deck of a steamer bound for Portland, watching the fast fading shores of the island. The sun was sinking. Capt'n John was standing on the shore waving farewell. He turned toward the west, where the dying rays of the sun fell on the cross, and as I watched, his face was transfigured with a great light.

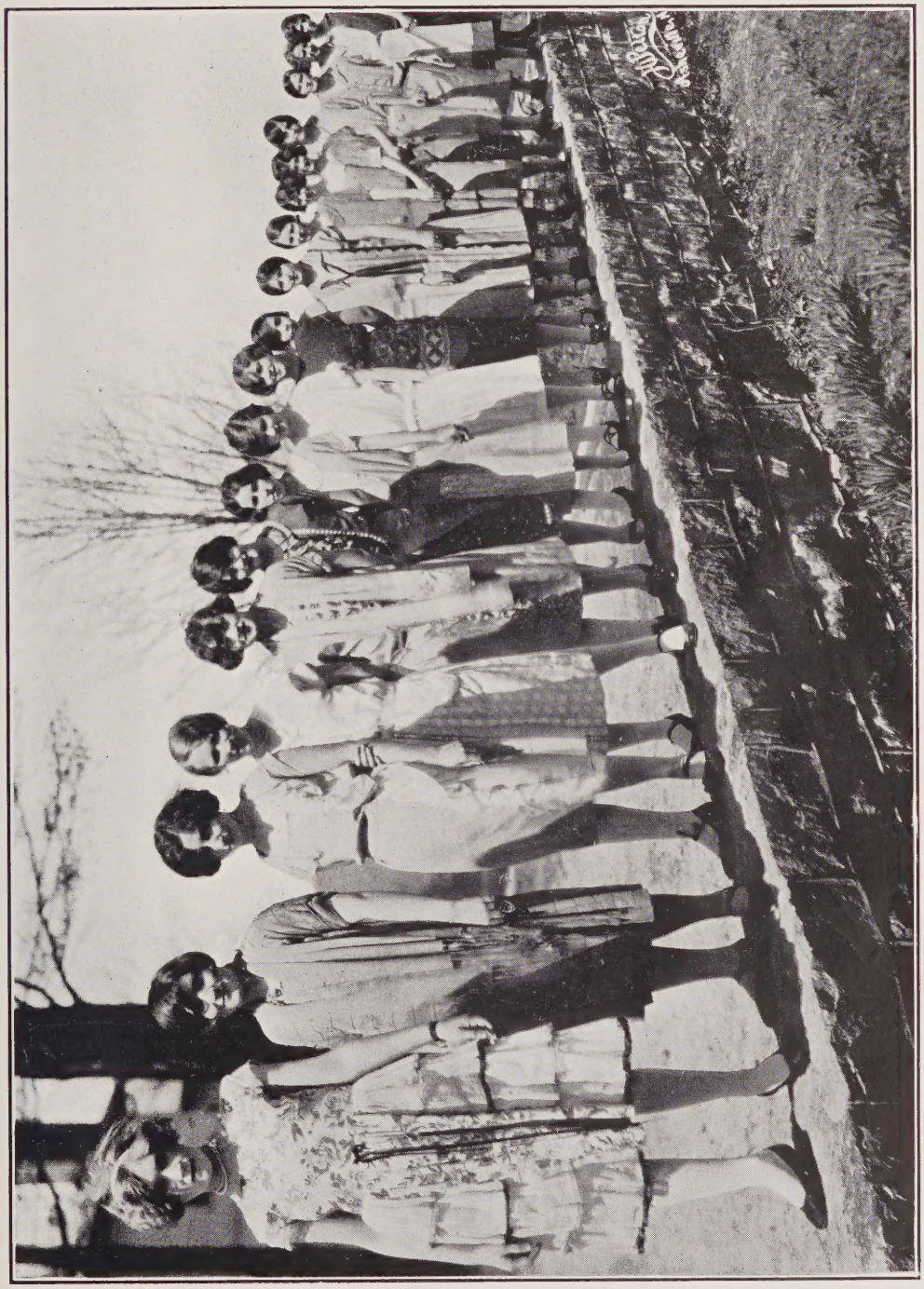
And I knew the love and peace of God was in his heart.

READING, '27.

THAT WHICH I LOVE—TO MY MOTHER

A little child, a rosy dawn,
A snowy cloud, a spring morn,
The yellow moon, a tossing sea,
A bird's song, a living tree,
The mountains of deep, deep blue;
All God's world, Dear, and you!

D.S.L., '27.



FRESHMEN

FRESHMAN CLASS

MOTTO—*We Can Because We Think We Can*

Colors—White and Coral

Flower—Violet

Mascot—Ellen Farnum

Advisor—Miss Helen Battle

OFFICERS

First Quarter

D. Lassiter ..... President
L. Kash ..... Vice-President
M. Green.....Secretary & Treasurer

Second Quarter

C. Biggs ..... President
D. Lassiter ..... Vice-President
M. Greene.....Secretary & Treasurer

Third Quarter

L. Kash ..... President
M. Greene ..... Vice-President
J. Hannock....Secretary & Treasurer

Fourth Quarter

C. Biggs ..... President
M. Greene ..... Vice-President
L. Kash.....Secretary & Treasurer

CLASS ROLL

Marion Greene
Helen Grimes
Dorothy Lassiter
Janice Hannock
Cornelia Biggs
Lena Kash
Eva Harris
Frances Alston
Eleanor Harllee
Winona Eubanks

Freshmen! the beginning of school, and yet able to provide over-night trips to Caesar's Head, tea dances, parties, picnics, and other entertainments. Long suffering Freshmen—always more susceptible to such things as crushes, etc., than the other classes. Wishful Freshmen, longing to be Seniors—but in spite of all, that we'll wager that never did a school have such good sports as the Freshmen, and we know that when they do become seniors they will make the very best!

SUB-FRESHMEN

CLASS ROLL

H. Ewbank
M. Ewbank
V. Ewbank
E. Farnum
E. Lassiter
Eileen Gardner
Ernestine Gardner
J. Howe
L. Howe
M. Simons
C. Smith
L. Shuey
S. Robinson
V. Whitley

REGARD THE FRESH SPRINGS OF FASSIFERN!

No monotony here, but variety, enthusiasm, animation. These youngsters people the class-room with romance; they are Sir Walter Raleigh, William Penn, the Monroe Doctrine; they make the momentous Louisiana Purchase: they fight the battles for freedom and progress. Never a full stop, but the eternal question are they. Are they logical? Could you explain better the spelling of "grand, grande, joli, jolie": "One is a little boy word and the other a little girl." Many problems have they solved already, whether found in the book or "taken out of the teacher's head." May they help Fassifern to solve successfully her future problem.

ATHLETICS

LYNE

PEP!

That's what we want! Take an interest in the athletics of your school! Put Fassifern on the map. Come on, let's go! Show what you are made of. Pull together. That's the keynote to all success in sports and otherwise. Boost Athletics! Start something! Let's go, Fassifern!

GREYSTONE DAY

Bright and early on Saturday morning two huge trucks rolled up to the front of Fassifern. In just two seconds the trucks were full of merry, carefree girls; ready for a day of sport and fun and—well 'most anything. Each girl carried a mysterious bundle which she hugged rapturously during the whole journey, refusing to let it part from her side.

When the trucks reached Greystone they were deserted in no time and all the little bundles were put carefully away. Then every one scattered in search of amusement, and I'm sure that everyone found it.

Miss Lambeth and Miss Porter went down to the tennis court to play off the semi-finals of the tennis tournament. Miss Porter was the victor, but not until Miss Lambeth had put up a hard fight. The row boats were immediately filled, and every cove and sand-bar of the lake was explored, especially the latter, for many boats were sadly stuck on these same sand-bars, but after the hard labor of Miss Wilson, who was forced to get out of her boat, in order to dislodge it, they all came safely home.

The first event was the high jump, won by Miss Coxe. After that the events came fast and furious. Two more jumping events, a wonderful baseball game, in which Ted Wilson and Jack Reynolds twirled such mean balls that the batters were at a loss to tell what direction to swing.

After a delicious lunch we all turned out to watch the tennis finals between Porter and Coxe. After a hard battle, Coxe won. Then there was a grand rush for those mysterious packages. In a few minutes a group of mermaids emerged from the cabins and went tearing down to the lake. Even the sight of several snakes swimming around in the water did not daunt the brave swimmers. My, what a wonderful time we had in the water. But finally the cry came, "All out," and we all reluctantly obeyed.

The final basketball game between the Sophomores and the Seniors was fast and furious. Only at the end did the seniors win with the score of 18 to 14.

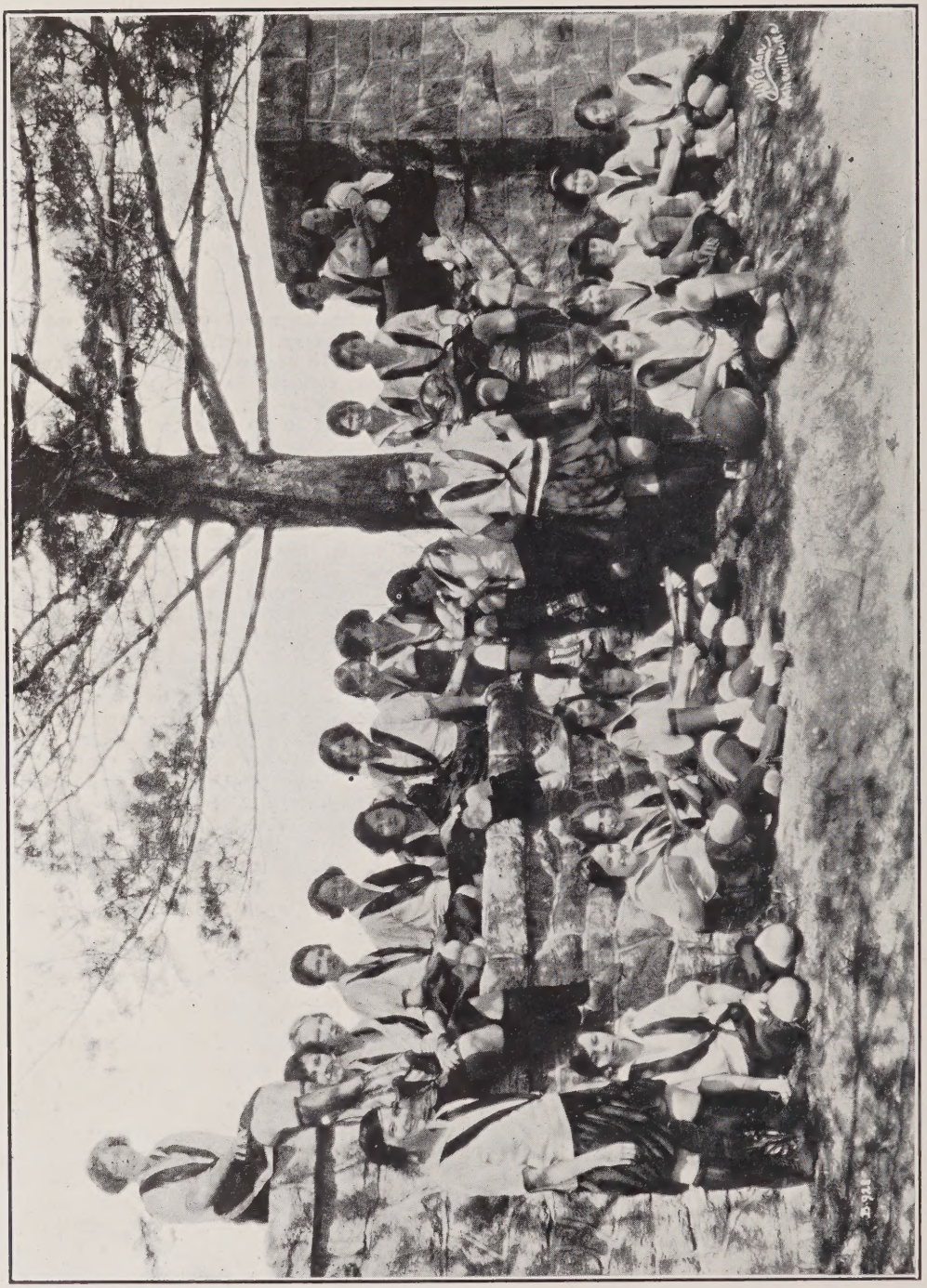
The trucks brought us all back to Fassifern, tired, sore, but all radiantly happy.

FALL FIELD DAY

High Jump	Coxe
Running Broad Jump	Coxe
Standing Broad Jump	Coxe
Basketball Throw	Morrow
Shotput	Morrow
Hundred Yard Dash	Coxe
Fifty Yard Dash	M. C. Tate
Three Legged Race	Coxe-Williams
Basketball Game, New Girls vs. Old Girls	Old Girls

SPRING FIELD DAY

High Jump	Coxe
Hurdle	Morrow
Turning Jump	Coxe
Soph-Senior Basketball	Seniors
Tennis Finals	Coxe
Soph-Senior Baseball	Seniors
Dash	Williams



LAVENDERS

WHITES

CUPS

Tennis ---------- Coxe
Hiking ---------- E. Braswell
Best All Round ---------- Bunn

Baseball ---------- Seniors
Basketball ---------- Seniors
Class Cup ---------- Seniors

WEARERS OF THE "F"

Basketball	*Basketball*	*Baseball*	*Tennis*
Wilson	Tate, M. C.	Wilson *	Coxe
Anderson	Reynolds	Lambeth *	Porter
Porter	Solomon	Reynolds *	
Coxe	Taber	Porter	
Bunn *	Williams		
Lambeth	Thornton		

SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Wilson	Porter	Bunn
Williams	Coxe	Lambeth

SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM

Tate, M.	Solomon	Reynolds
Anderson	Taber	Apple

SOPHOMORE-SENIOR GAME

Seniors ---------- 18 Sophomores ---------- 14

SENIOR BASEBALL TEAM

Wilson	Bunn	
Lambeth	Porter	Coxe
	Braswell, L.	Braswell, E.

SOPHOMORE BASEBALL TEAM

Reynolds	Tate, M.	Archibald
Taber	Apple	Heyward
	Anderson	

SOPHOMORE-SENIOR GAME

Seniors ---------- 28 Sophomores ---------- 6

TENNIS TEAM

Coxe Porter Lambeth

LAVENDERS

Wilson, Captain

Arrington	Harris, A.	Quinlan
Anderson	Holt	Reynolds
Braswell, E.	Hannoc	Scales
Bell	Kash	Solomon
Coxe	Lassiter, D.	Tate, M. C.
Donoho	Lattimore	Watts
Gardner, A.	Martin	Williams
Greene	Myers	White
Grimes	Moore	Shuey
Hambright	Pickett	Thornton

WHITES

L. Braswell, Captain

Archibald	Harllee	Robinson
Apple	Heyward	Smith
Bunn	Kimbley	Tate, M.
Biggs	Lambeth	Weeks
Belk	Lassiter, E.	Whitley
Carland	Lyne	Williamson
Cannon	Morrow	Wimberley
Eberhardt	Parker	Harris, J.
Gardner, E.	Porter	Sargent, E.
Hagood	Reading	Sargent, M.

WINNING TEAM

Whites

BASKETBALL TEAM

VARSITY

Wilson	Porter	Bunn
Anderson	Coxe	Lambeth

SUBS

Solomon	Thornton	Taber
Williams	Tate, M. C.	Reynolds

GAMES

Tryon vs. Fassifern

Fassifern ..... 14 Tryon 11

Hendersonville vs. Fassifern

Hendersonville ..... 43 Fassifern 15

Weaverville vs. Fassifern

Fassifern ..... 16 Weaverville 15

Tryon vs. Fassifern

Fassifern ..... 28 Tryon 11

BASKETBALL

Foremost in athletics at Fassifern comes of course "The Good Old Game" Basketball. The Varsity has had a most interesting year of it. It has won all of its games but one, and in that one its teamwork and sportsmanship, even when they were losing, showed that they possessed the true Fassifern spirit. Miss Marshall was one of the finest of coaches, and Jimmy, our captain, couldn't be beaten. It was their fine work, combined with the efforts of the whole team, that made basketball the finest sport of the year.

CALENDAR 1924-25

OCTOBER

1—The sweet and girlish arrive at Fassifern Female Seminary. Where is Eastern Carolina? They speak of a flood and smile.
6—Old girls welcome new victims with a Ball Masque.
7—Fassifern's eighteenth birthday.
18—Miss Lindsay's Recital, assisted by Mrs. Brooks.
20—Anne White relates her true romance (of course before she met Bill.)
27—Miss Battle notified of excellent amount of paint in McBee Hall waste-basket.
31—Why is McBee Hall so black and spooky? Ssh, ghosts, follow the sign of the jack-'o'-lantern. (Miss Stone's house-warming for Seniors.)
31—New Girls' Hallowe'en Party.

NOVEMBER

7—Senior "Bacon Bat," Laurel Park Heights.
8—Watch out, "Barnum & Bailey," you have a dangerous rival! Fassifern's Circus.
10—Mrs. Brooks' Recital.
11—Come on, girls, let's go! Field Day. Red Cross Picnic.
18—Hands, hands, and more hands. "Aren't they pretty?" What's the attraction? Ah, Senior rings arrived.
22—"Tryon, don't you weep, don't you mourn"; you're lost! Fassifern-Tryon basketball game.
22—There're bacon bats and wiener roasts, and marshmallow toasts galore, but this is special; Seniors' oyster supper for victorious team.
25—Don't the Seniors look grand and feel grander! Good reason, too, Pan's Dinner at The Carson.
27—Hurray for Papas! Mr. Bunn and Mr. Braswell's Thanksgiving Dinner! Smell that luscious turkey.

DECEMBER

4—Seniors' "Book Tea," given by Miss Sampson and Miss Wheatley.
12—Hendersonville-Fassifern Game.
13—Weaverville-Fassifern Game.
14—Christmas Pageant, given by Service League.
18—Christmas Cantata; Glee Club and Chorus.
19—Doesn't the dining room look fine, though! Miss Kate's Party for Seniors.
20—Three one-act plays, Dramatic Club.
21—Santa Claus has come, sure 'nough; Miss Stone's Christmas Tree.
22—Christmas Holidays; "Home, Sweet Home," for a few short days.

JANUARY

3—Potts' Taxis kept busy! Girls return to school.
14—Paul Whiteman's Orchestra in Asheville.
23—Rejoice, ye starving, and get ready for the Freshman Tea Dance.
25—Miss Kate's Supper for Dr. Sevier.

FEBRUARY

7—"Here Comes the Bride"; Athletic Wedding.
12—Faculty's Reception for the Seviers.
13—"Be My Sweetheart," and come to the Valentine Party.
14—Denis-Shawn Dancers in Asheville.
15—Sunday Hikes begin.
21—A real, sure 'nuff dance, dates and all. (Sophomore Dance.)
28—Junior Teas begin.

MARCH

5—Concert by Misha Elman, Asheville.
6—Watch out for your ears and disposition! Voice Department Recital.
7—Historical Ball.
9—Concert by Laura Merril.
13—Program by Expression Department.
14—Fassifern beats Tryon; return game.
16—Snow, at last!
18—Miss Kate's Birthday.

21—Go for 'em, Seniors. Drive for Ads.
27—Mrs. Malaprop and Tom Sawyer entertain the Book Club.
28—Asheville Drive for Ads.
28—Seniors see "The Rivals." Senior Luncheon at Battery Park, Asheville.
28—Miss Wheatley's Recital.

APRIL
3—How intelligent looking they are! Book Club Meeting.
4—Parley-vous Francais? Eh, bien. Listen and learn. French Play.
10—Good-bye once more; Easter!
18—"Adam and Eva"; Senior Play.
25—Greystone Day.
25—Spring Field Day.

MAY
2—Crowning of May Queen and entertainment by her royal subjects.
2—Ye Olde Days return! "The Spacious Days of Queen Elizabeth." English Department in scenes from "Merchant of Venice" and "Mid summer Night's Dream."
4—Dr. Koch's Shakespearean Lecture.
6—Dr. McClellan's Lecture on Bill Nye.
9—Sophomore-Senior Hay Ride.
11—Where can the Seniors be? Sh, a secret, it's Sneak Day!
15—Off for Caesar's Head! Freshman Camping Trip for Seniors.
16—E. Williams' Lawn Party for Seniors.
23—Junior-Senior Banquet at Greystone.
26—Seniors entertained by Hazel Eubank, their mascot.
27—Rah for Carter Freeze; a glorious picnic at Green River.

COMMENCEMENT

29—Dramatic Club Play.
30—Class Day Exercises.
30—Annual Music Recital.
31—Baccalaureate Sermon by Dr. Sevier.
31—Vesper Service; Church Service League.

JUNE
1—Alumnae Luncheon. Alumnae Association Meeting.
1—Graduation Exercises. Address by Hon. A. M. Scales.
2—"Good-Night, Ladies." Girls leave for Home!

THE OLD MIRROR ON THE WALL

There it hangs in the same old place,
Where it's pictured each lady's charm and grace;
Where it's mirrored many a pretty face,
The old mirror on the wall.

There's where great-grandmother powdered her nose,
There patted in place her laces and bows,
There surveyed herself from her head to her toes,
In the old mirror on the wall.

Before it grandfather liked to doze,
While grandmother sat and mended clothes,
And gained the peace that old age knows,
Before the old mirror on the wall.

Now that it's moulded and cracked and grey,
Now that it's long since seen its best day,
Remember, once like us it was gay,
This old mirror on the wall.

WEEKS, '25.

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK"

The fruit stand on the corner was very fruity, very fliey, very Greeky. It had the general appearance of being well fed, well bought, and no customers. Rows upon rows of pears lay next to more rows of peaches; apples, berries, pineapples, and melons vied with each other in their juicy fragrance. They were covered with netting, and guarded by the watchful eye of the fat, moustached, and unsmiling owner, Pete.

The only fly in the ointment, so to speak, was Rags. That was what people called him, for nobody paid any attention to his real name. Everybody knew that he lived with fourteen people in a two-room shack near the railroad station. Rags was Greek, ten, looked five, saw everything, and wore almost nothing except dirt. He was usually hungry, and Pete's fruit stand was his Seventh Heaven. He had a talent, almost a genius, for slipping off with—say a pear or two, when Pete wasn't looking. But the watchful Greek personage had discovered the talent or genius of Rags, and he distrusted him; although he hardly missed the small amount of fruit Rags got away with, for he did get away with it, and Pete never caught him with the goods.

On one sparkling blue day of sunshine Pete was doing particularly fine business. Everybody wanted fruit, and Pete prided himself on having "What the people wanted." He was talking to an old gentleman about a purchase of four dozen apples, when he saw Rags up the street, blithely sauntering toward the fruit stand. The brow of the noble Greek clouded, his moustache quivered, and he assumed a dark and terrible appearance. But Rags passed Pete and his place unheedingly, with Pete watching his gay figure disappear in the crowd.

Having completed the trade with the old gentleman, and, if unscrupulously, yet profitably, tied up half the order in damaged fruit, he turned to wait on a particular lady, who had to examine the fruit baskets and see that the best fruit was not put on top, and all the defective fruit underneath. Pete was worried, as he usually was when Rags was around. He did not see, but he had a feeling that Rags was slipping off with several pears behind his broad and beaming back.

He left the particular lady to her own company and swung around just in time to see Rags slip an apple, a peach, and a pear down his blouse. Pete made a dive for Rags, and called a passing cop at the same time. The officer of the law grabbed Rags' hand and was about to walk away to justice with him, when the particular lady customer, with an exclamation, stopped the policeman and showed him a basket of fruit containing two layers of fruit and the bottom layers of paper! Investigation proved all of the hundreds of baskets the same. Pete of the fruit stand was selling the public!

The lady was indignant, Pete sullen, and Rags in his usual gay mood, while the officer muttered something about "When Greek Meets Greek." BALLE, '26.

ACTIVITIES
LYNE

MARTHA A. DOWD

When one thinks of the Music Department of Fassifern, there comes into the mind the thought of one outstanding personality—the director of that department. For five years our beloved Miss Dowd has given her time and strength to bring the music to the high standard which it has now reached, and to make it one of the noteworthy features of Fassifern.

The inspiration of her life is felt not only among those who studied with her, but among all connected with the school. As a teacher she is thorough, painstaking, accurate, demanding the best that her pupils can put into their music, and giving unsparingly from the depths of her wide knowledge and musical spirit. A woman of rare culture and keen insight, tempered by unbounded charity and kindly humor, the influence of her life extends through all parts of the school and makes her a guide and inspiration.

MUSIC FACULTY

Miss Lindsay	Piano	Mrs. Brooks	Voice
Miss Brooks	Piano	Miss Coleman	Violin

MUSIC

The world is filled with music,
  Its sounds are in the air;
Joyful sounds and melodies
  Surround me everywhere.

God's nature shows me music,
  The flowers sing to me;
Rippling brooks and silver streams
  All play in harmony.

Life speaks to me of music,
  Life with its smiles and tears,
Its strains of joy and sorrow
  That meet us through the years.

E. SARGENT, '25.

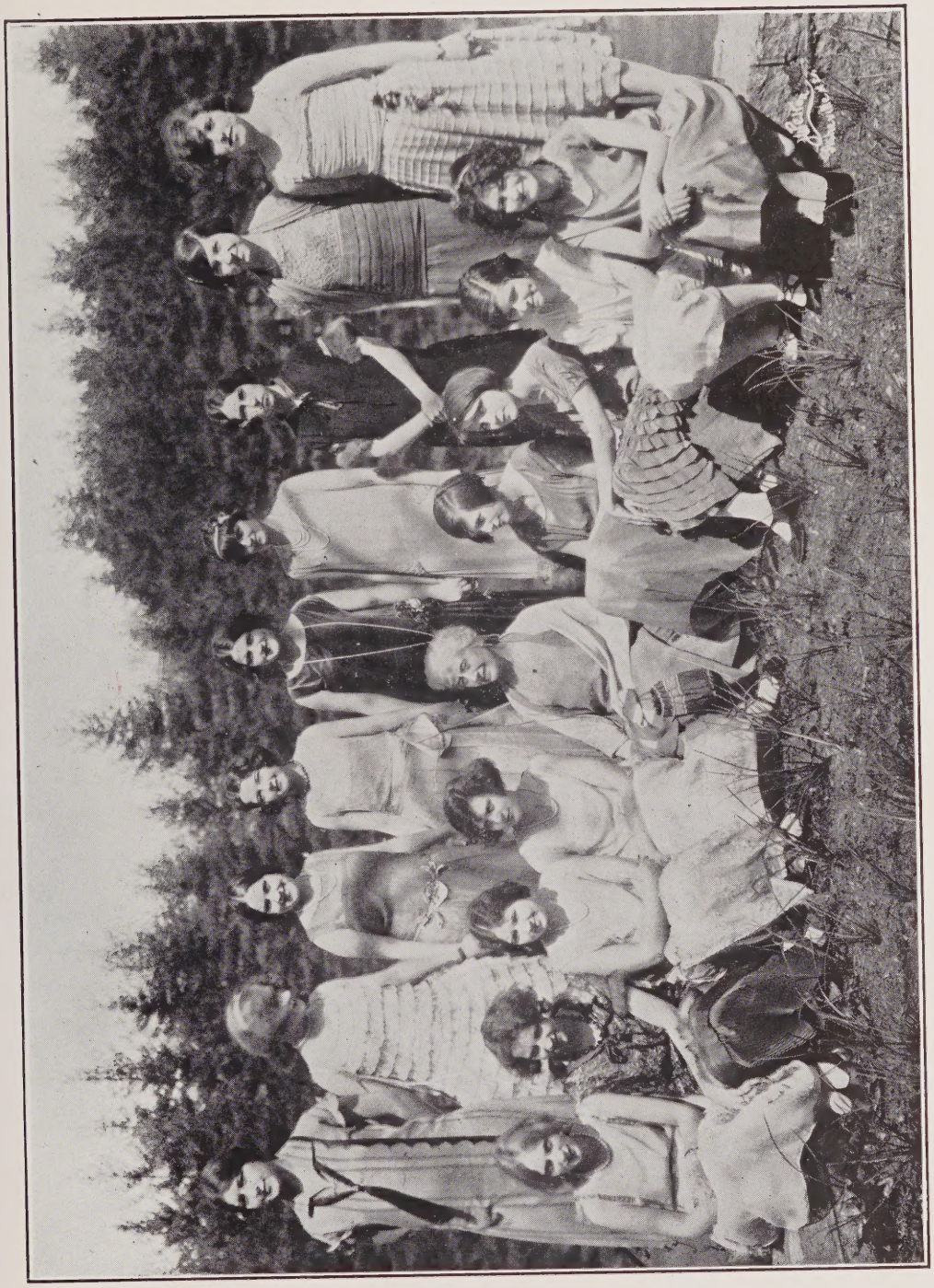
MUSIC STUDENTS 1924-25

Braswell, E.	Freeze	Pickett	Williams	*Violin*
Braswell, L.	Grimes	Quinlan	Wilson	Sargent, E.
Bunn	Heyward	Reading	Wimberley	Greene
Cannon	Hagood	Rozzelle	White	Arrington
Coxe	Hudgens, S.	Smythe	Whitley	*Voice*
Eberhardt	Kash	Taber		Sargent, M.
Eubank, W.	Lattimore	Tate, M. C.	*Guitar*	Balle
Eubank, M.	Lambeth	Tate, M.	Reynolds	Hudgins
Eubank, V.	Martin	Watts	Hudgins, S.	Braswell, L.
Eubank, H.	Parker	Weeks		Tate, M. C.

GLEE CLUB

Director—Mrs. Brooks

Anderson	Belk	Heyward	Parker	Smith
Bunn	Cannon	Hambright	Kash	Wilson
Braswell	Hagood	Martin	Reading	White
Bell	Hudgens	Myers	Sargent	Moore



GLEE CLUB

"What are you doing, my pretty maid?"
"I am a-reading, sir," she said;
"But you seem truly happy there,
In your face is interest rare!"
"'Tis no wonder, sir," said she,
"I'm a Book Club Girl, you see."

"Pray tell me what you all may do?"
"Why, we read authors old and new;
In literature we find the best,
Then read it with great fun and zest!"
"You must find pleasure rare, I trow!"
"Sir, into the Mystic Realm of Books we go!"

SOLOMON, '27.

BOOK CLUB

Fassifern's Book Club—remembrances in the minds of some ten girls and two or three teachers of cosy afternoons in the winter time spent in the quiet of one's room with one or two of one's best friends—books, good books. Then sunny spring afternoons on the front lawn, meetings, interesting discussions, clever book impersonation parties in the parlor, with the characters ranging from *The White Monkey* and *Robinson Crusoe* to *Penrod* and *Tom Sawyer*, and last—but not least—refreshments. And a steady diet for the year of Conrad, Galsworthy, Shaw, Sinclair, Walpole, Ibanez, and the like.

BOOK CLUB

Faculty Members—Miss Stone, Miss Wheatley, Miss Hayne

MEMBERS

Braswell, E.	Braune	Hagood	Solomon
Braswell, L.	Bunn	Porter	Wilson

BOOK CLUB

DRAMATIC CLUB

Miss Virginia Wheatley----------Director
Jameson Bunn ---------- President
Dorothy Solomon------Secretary & Treasurer

FOURTEEN

By Alice Gertensberg

Cast in Order of Appearance

Dunham (the butler).....Mary C. Tate
Mrs. Horace Pringle (a lady of fashion) ..... Jameson Bunn
Elaine (her debutante daughter)...Isabel Wilson

Scene—Dining Room in the Luxuriant Home of Mrs. Pringle, New York City.

THE BEAU OF BATH

By Constance D. MacKay

Beau Nash.....Mary Virginia Wheatley
Jepson (his faithful servant)....Emily Braswell
The Lady of the Portrait.....Jameson Bunn

Scene—Rooms of Beau Nash
Time—Christmas Eve

Frances Scales.....Business Manager
M. C. Tate.....Stage Manager
Lillian Braswell.....Property Manager

SIX WHO PASS WHILE THE LENTILS BOIL

By Stuart Walker

Prologue ..... Anna Brawne
You (in audience).....Eliza Coxe
The Boy.....Louisa Taber
The Queen.....Dorothy Solomon
The Mime.....Frances Reynolds
The Milkmaid.....Isabel Wilson
The Blindman.....Emily Braswell
The Ballad Singer.....Dorothy Solomon
The Dreadful Headsman.....Lillian Braswell

Scene—An Old English Kitchen
Time—Long ago in the Land of Make Believe

ART DEPARTMENT

Instructor—Miss Battle

Helen Archibald
John Belk
Janice Hannock
Helen Grimes
Alice Lyne
Peggy Porter
Sarah Huggins
Carter Frieze
Helen Morrow
Eleaner Harllee
Elizabeth Williams

DOMESTIC ART

Teacher—Miss Sampson

CERTIFICATE

Lyne Morrow Watts

FIRST YEAR CLASS

Greene Whitley Robinson

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Teacher—Miss Hall

CERTIFICATE

Lyne Porter Myers

FIRST YEAR CLASS

Aryngton
Biggs
Coxe
Hannock
Holt
Lattimore
Martin
Whitley

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

Instructor—Miss Wheatley

Balle
Bunn
Carland
Coxe
Donoho
Eberhardt
Lassiter
Lummus
Smith
Wilson

My Little Playmate And I

In our back yard, there is a stone,
Where I never, never played alone;
For many hours during each day
Together we would play,
My Little
Playmate
and I.

Sometimes the stone was a table high,
And we would serve many a mud pie;
There again it was a real large boat,
And out on the ocean we would float,
My Little
Playmate
and I.

Once it was a grammar school
Without a single, solitary rule;
The school was full thru and thru—
But really there were only two,
My Little
Playmate
and I.

On a twilight night, it was a bear,
Goodness, it gave us an awful scare!
Then all at once we heard a moan,
And away we flew for home,
Both My Little
Playmate
and I.

Many happy hours, we spent together there,
Our cries of delight filled the air;
One day the playmate moved away—
No more around it do we play,
Neither My Little
Playmate
nor I.

—Pickett, '25.

True Happiness

In the very small town of Okama, Kansas, there lived a certain wealthy man with a family of one. The one was a son with twenty-three years of excellent health and the name of a wealthy father to his credit. Nothing especially creditable other than these two things had yet been discovered in the young man's character.

Tom Moore, Jr., awakened about noon on a certain day—which he later decided was August the third. He knew that his father had been up since daybreak and had breakfasted alone. But then, his father's business began in the morning, and his own engagements did not begin until two o'clock. It was the same every day, so Tom felt no discomforture over being a little late in his rising.

That afternoon took care of itself very well for Tom, Jr; of course it would, with the help of a Cadillac roadster, some gasoline and several "tens" for pocket change.

After a busy day Mr. Moore returned home in time to dress for seven o'clock dinner. As Tom and his father sat at the dining table facing each other, the younger noticed a worried look in his father's eyes.

"By jove, Dad, you look as if something bothered you a little. Let's hear about it, and if perchance it's cash, I've a ten-spot in my pocket now, I believe." Tom Jr., smiled as he spoke. His father did not. In fact, the expression on his face did not change in the least.

"Yes, son, you're right. I am worried, and it's not money or business. I'm troubled about something much dearer to me than either of these things." He paused a minute, then continued: "It's you, Tom, the only real treasure I have left in life to love and cherish. You are twenty-three now, son, and it's time you were becoming a man, in the true sense of the word. Life for you has been different than it was for me. You have always had what you desired, and you have never put forth the slightest effort to secure it. You think you are happy, but I really doubt whether you know what real happiness is. Tom, I have come to a conclusion today. You should leave Okama and me and my money, and go somewhere among strangers and 'dig' for what you get." Mr. Moore ceased talking. He was not looking at his son now. His lustrous eyes seemed to stare into space.

The talk had rather jolted Tom at first, but he listened attentively, and, with each word, he realized how sincere and worthy his father was.

"Why, Dad, I believe you're right; I had never looked at it in that light before. I've brains, a college education, possibly a few talents, and, I dare say I could make quite a success of things out in the world. And," he added, "I'll go. I shall leave in the morning." The last words were spoken with determination. Tom meant what he had said, but his father wondered if he realized just what his resolution meant.

Mr. Moore spoke now and he looked quite serenely happy: "Fine! You've taken it some better than I thought you would . I'll miss you, my boy, and I'll be mighty lonesome without you—but think! it won't be long until you will be coming home to me a true self-made man!" There were tears in the old man's eyes, but his face was joyous and bright. He was standing by the side of his one child, whose mother had died before her baby could recognize her.

"Thanks, Dad; now I'm going to my room, and I won't see you in the morning, for I'm going to leave on the 5:15 train heading east. I'll miss you, too, dear old Dad. You've been both a mother and a daddy to me, and I shall ask God in my prayers tonight to give me the opportunity to show you that I am grateful. Good-bye, Dad!"

The two stood with their hands clasped firmly. There was love in the eyes of both—that great love of father and son.

Tom left the following morning on the 5:15 eastern bound train, as he had planned. He did not see his father again ,and when he counted his change at four in the morning he found there was only enough to buy a ticket through to Philadelphia, and by economizing, arrive with nine dollars and twenty-five cents. This was just as he desired, he decided, for it was all Dad's money, and Dad's money was a thing of the past now!

When Tom reached Philadelphia, he had a little less than nine dollars and twenty-five cents. In fact, he possessed only four dollars and three cents, and he was hungry

and slightly tired from his trip. He did not take a taxi—for reasons of his own—but walked instead up one side and down the other of the streets adjoining the station. At last a sign caught his eye that interested him. It read like this: "Clean rooms with bed—25c per night." Tom walked up the flight of dingy stairs and knocked at a door marked "Office." A thin, little old man answered the knock and invited him into the small, rather empty room. The man's kind face wore an expression of wonder, and he seemed to stare at the stranger. Tom realized that it was at his neatly pressed tailored clothes and not him that the old man was staring, and wondered what he would think if he knew that there was only four one dollar bills and three pennies in the pocket of the trousers he was observing so carefully.

"Good evening, sir, I should like to engage a room for the night, and" he added, "perhaps for several nights. Could you accommodate me?"

The expression of wonder on the little man's face changed to one of delight. Evidently it was quite an unusual occurrence to have such a distinguished looking boarder, or perhaps, to have any at all.

"Yes, young man, you can have the best room I've got. Follow me across the hall."

As Tom Jr. was preparing himself for supper, he decided that the room was about all he might have expected for 25c. The sign had been true . There was a bed, and the room was clean, as far as he could discover, and that was about all. Tom went out to supper, and when he returned to his room he counted his money again. After paying for the night's lodging and his supper, he had one dollar and seventy-eight cents left. He had not learned to economize on his meals yet, and he had been hungry.

On the following morning Tom hunted a job. He went to one of the best of Philadelphia's business districts and entered the first office of "Wilkens and Wilkens, Insurance Company." The manager consented to see him after a two hours' wait.

"Good morning, Mr. Jess; my name is Moore, and I am a stranger in your city. I would like to secure a position with your company, and I'm willing to start at the bottom of the ladder. I have had a complete college education at Dartmouth, but no experience at all in the insurance line. I have $1.78 in my pockets and need some money."

"Well, good morning, Mr. Moore! You are indeed quite an unusual young man, and I like your straight-forward manner. I have one position open now, and it really is at the bottom and requires very little brain work . Of course, if you stick to it, you may be able in time to work up. It is the place of file clerk, and the additional job of keeping the president's office in order. Does the place appeal to you?"

Tom was still standing. Mr. Jess had not asked him to do otherwise. One of his hands fingered the one bill and the little bit of change that were in his pocket. It was less money than the pockets of Tom Moore had ever held before!

"Yes, Mr. Jess, I'll take the job, and may I begin work as soon as possible?"

"At once, Mr. Moore, with one week's pay in advance."

Luck had been with Tom. The work was tiresome at first, but later on he began to find little extra things to do around the office that were really interesting. After four months without a raise in salary or job, Tom was given the position of traveling on the commission plan. He worked and he studied and he learned the art of salesmanship. Letters came often from his Dad, and they cheered and encouraged him. When he had been with the company for twelve months, Tom was given a two weeks' vacation. He wired his Dad that he was coming home.

Tom was happy when he boarded the train for the little town in Kansas, but words cannot express the happiness he felt when again he clasped the hand of that deserving and grateful old Dad. That great father and son love had been true, and Tom Moore knew for the first time what real happiness was when his father looked into his face and said, "Tom, my boy, your old Dad is mighty proud of you."

—Martin, '25.

MAY DAY

1925

The Service League

OFFICERS

Cecelia Bell ..... President
Isabel Wilson ..... Vice-President
Louisa Taber ..... Sect. & Treas.

WORK OF LEAGUE DURING YEAR, 1924-1925

September to Thanksgiving—Donations to Red Cross.
Thanksgiving to Christmas—Miss Cotchett's work in Alaska.
Christmas to Lent—Donation to Patten Memorial Hospital.
Lent to Easter—Self-denial offering to churches and baskets to poor.
Easter to June—Donation to Baptist Orphanage, Thomasville, N. C.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

Masses of palest pink they grow,
Clusters of fragile flowers,
Each clinging to the mother tree,
Brightening the summer hours.

The bees and butterflies haunt them
For what is theirs to give;
The breezes gently breathe on them.
Encouraging them to live.

But how soon their lives are ended,
How soon they fade and fall!
How useless they seem and worthless.
Why were they here at all?

For a while their fragrance haunts us,
Then it, too, disappears,
Leaving only a dim, sweet memory
Of a spring, its hopes and fears.

Yes, they have vanished forever
When we look at the tree again;
But there is the fruit which follows—
Were their lives entirely vain?

—Parker, '25

UNWELCOME VISITORS

When I first moved over to Cameron Hall, I had no idea that our room was used at night for a summer resort.

One night about twelve o'clock, when everything was real quiet, Mr. and Mrs. Rat and family invited all of their neighbors out for a swim in their private pool, which happened to be our wash bowl. They used the tooth brushes for diving boards, and took mud baths in the tooth paste. After which they law down to rest in the soap dishes, covering themselves with wash cloths.

The towel rack was used as a trapeze, and the towels for mattresses to land on. Then the idea of a dance struck them, and this was soon carried out. Two little mice ran back and forth across the uke strings and the rest danced.

Although the rats approved of this, Miss Westfeldt did not, for soon we heard someone coming down the hall, and in a few seconds she was standing in the door asking what we meant by making so much noise after lights.

It seemed impossible to convince her that it was not us, as the frightened rats had scampered off to their various hiding places. But soon she left, and I think she must have scared them to death, as we haven't been bothered with them since.

—Belk, '27.

A PURSUIT

What a queer looking person! Who could he be and where could he be going on such a cold, windy day without a hat? His face bore an expression of the greatest anxiety.

Mary and I decided to find out, if we possibly could, who he was and why he was acting so peculiarly. As he was walking along, he would gaze around as though he thought someone were following him. Could this nice looking man be mentally sick? Probably he had escaped from an insane asylum. I do not know whether it was his good looks or his awkward manner that attracted me, but anyway, I was interested, extremely interested, to know all about him.

We had just walked inside the gate when we decided very foolishly to follow him. He turned the corner, and we had to run the whole block to catch up with him, for we could not let him get out of sight. We continued to follow him. He walked fast, then slow, then he gazed at us. We turned the next corner to go to my friend's house, for she lived only a block from where we were. We left this unknown person, very disappointed, but when we reached Mary's front door, whom should we see walking down the street but the same man! It was very late now, and he could not walk much longer. With this hopeful thought, we began to pursue him again. Was he going to walk forever? As he was gazing at us now very anxiously, he stumped his toe, and by the merest chance escaped falling. The trash cans seemed to attract his attention, for every time he came to one he would gaze into it with longing eyes.

We were exasperated by this time, and ready to go home, when he suddenly stopped and picked up something from the ground. Then, his face wreathed in smiles, he placed on his head a shabby, brown cap.

—Wimberly, '25.

THE WOODCHUCK

When the little birds have gone to bed,
And all the village sleeps,
Then from underneath a sawdust pile
A little woodchuck peeps.

His coat is of a velvet brown,
His eyes pop out like fire,
His tail is very long and thin,
As if it were made of wire.

He emerges from beneath the pile,
And scampers across the lawn,
And there upon an old oak log,
He saws and saws til morn.

—Heyward, '27.

A TRUE STORY

Pa was coming home! After a whole week's stay in the city away from the sleepy little country town; and he was bringing with him a wonderful new box called a refrigerator, which would keep the butter cool, the milk from souring, the sausage cold, and do all sorts of wonders. The whole town buzzed with it. Neighbors chatted over the back fence. Men gathered at the store to discuss this new luxury. Some declared their homes should possess one right away, others thought the old cooling dairy to be good enough, but all waited eagerly for Pa's return.

At last he was seen driving into town, and in the back of his wagon reposed the new refrigerator. Yes, it was all that the people had expected. But in the course of their exclamations of approvals and delight, the very fortunate housewife who was to possess this refrigerator, asked:

"It's grand, Pa, but where's the ice?" A dozen expressions crossed Pa's countenance.

"Ice—er-ice," he murmured, "I forget the blame thing needed ice."

—L. Braswell, '26.

A STRANGER

Excitement reigned. There was a stranger in Doodville. Doodville made as much of a stranger as Washington makes of a new President. However, it must be granted that this time there was just cause for more than mere idle curiosity. All strangers are peculiar in the sense that they are strange, but this stranger was peculiar in more than one sense of the word. Tall, straight, with the clothes of a man and hair cut like a woman. Doodville's mouth dropped open at the nerve of her; for the general opinion was that the person was of the feminine sex. Short black hair, which off the head would serve very well as bristles, tortoise-shelled glasses on the very end of an extremely pug nose, supposedly aiding the sight of weak, watery blue eyes, and all added to a receding chin!

Straight down Main Street she marched with long mannish strides, carrying two extra large suitcases with the utmost care. Into the boarding house she strutted. She hadn't asked where it was—she knew. Opening the door without even knocking, she strode in. The door banged behind her.

Doodville was overcome. It could only sit and wait and watch.

—Bunn, '25.

JUST FOR TONIGHT

The beauty of the night called me. The laughing moon peeped at me from the pepper tree . His round face seemed to be inviting me, saying:

"Forget your cares. You English are too serious. Throw off restraint, be a boy once again. Just for tonight."

In spite of my common sense I smiled. Then the spirit of the night fashioned itself around my heart. Slowly I looked over my shoulder. Was anyone near? Here was my chance. Stealthily I unlatched the garden gate and ran down a half forgotten path to the "ole swimmin' hole." In a clump of bushes, I hid my clothing. Then, unhesitatingly, I plunged headlong into its icy depths. Oh! the glory of that swim. How my very bones tingled at the feel of it. For a companion I had the moon's reflection in the rippling water. Fearing that I should be lonely, he had sent it down to me. What a good time we two had!

Now, I am back in my garden again, staring at my friend. He looks a bit sleepy, but so am I. For years I haven't felt such physical fatigue. How good my bed will feel! I am so glad to have been a boy again, just for tonight.

—Bunn, '25

THE OPPORTUNE GIFT

Mary Jeffrey was sitting in front of the fire sewing. It was time Joe was home to supper.) She was a sweet dispositioned girl with soft brown hair and hazel eyes whose cool depths reminded one of a deep wood at twilight.

Her living room was shabby, but had personal homey touches. There was an old piano in one corner, in another, a book case of well worn books. A child's toys were scattered over the window seat. The only noises heard in the room were the steady ticking of the clock, the monotonous rainfall, and the croaking of the frogs in the bottom land.

She finished her sewing and went over to the piano. She began to play Schubert's "Serenade" softly. Tonight was her tenth anniversary. She didn't expect Joe to remember it. He hadn't last year, or the year before. But it didn't matter—just think! It was only ten years ago when she had such high hopes of being a famous musician. The summer that she had planned to go abroad for study she had met Joe Jeffrey while visiting in a small town. He was a care-free, boyish sort of fellow, and she had been desperately in love with him. Her family disapproved of the match, but shortly after meeting him she had married him. They had lived here on the farm ever since, twenty miles from the small village of Kent. During these years she had been home only three times. These glimpses of the city, its gaity and bustle, had made her so homesick for theatres, interesting people, and most of all, for wonderful opportunities for her music; she had turned her back on them and returned home to preserving and sewing and caring for Joe and Sonny.

Her house was small, she had no neighbors, but this didn't count, for right after the honeymoon she was sure that Joe would soon be a wonderful success, and they would move to the city. But success hadn't come; one year Joe made a little, and the next year he would lose. (By the way, she must remember to tell Joe to fix the broken steps tomorrow.) She was tired of the country and working so hard, tired of Joe, who would never grow up. She was thirty-two and there was such a long, dull stretch of narrow life in front of her. Then an idea came to her? Why not leave here? She knew she could play. Her music teacher had said, "Ah, Madameoiselle has zee wonderful interpreetation!" She and Sonny could get along.

Then she heard Joe drive the old Ford up in the garage. She would tell him tonight and get it off her mind. Joe came in dripping wet from the rain.

"Hullo, Mary, sorry I was late." On his face was that same little twisted boyish grin that had won her. She felt her courage leave her. She would tell him soon. She hardened her heart and said, "I'm afraid everything is terribly cold."

"Oh, say, Mary. Guess what I've got?" Then it dawned on her that Joe had remembered! Bewildered, she stammered, "Oh, I don't know." Proudly he held out a bunch of red roses. She took them eagerly, with a little cry of delight.

"Joe, it was so wonderful of you to go all the way to Marbry for these." She looked up at him and her eyes were starry with tears. He put his arm around her shoulders and drew her close. "Mary, I'm afraaid I haven't been doing my part lately. I noticed you had changed. But I'm glad you like the flowers. Things are going to be different from now on. How's Sonny?"

Just then a sleepy little voice was heard saying, "Daddy, I want a jink o' arter."

Then, while she arranged the flowers, Joe brought Sonny in, nestled in his arms and with one little brown hand around his neck. Mary leaned over the chair and softly kissed the two curly heads so close together. She realized then how she had been blinded by her own selfishness. What a crime it would have been to separate these two, or to have made Joe's laughing lips turn into a thin, determined line! While she bowed her head to thank her Maker for Joe's present, she realized that in the bottom of her heart she would always love her overgrown boy.

Then softly she went to the piano, and played with all "Zee wondeerful interpreetation"—"Home, Sweet Home."

Solomon, '27

SLEEP TO AWAKE

As I watched the pale amber sun light fade I thought—dreams fade, hopes fade, ambitions fade, life fades. What is really worth the striving? And then—as I watched the twilight deepen, the moon rise, I thought: would we have the glories of the night if the sun did not fade? A child builds his house of blocks and man tears it down. Man builds his house and time crumbles it to dust. And yet, child builds his house again, and man builds his house from the ruins—Bigger and Better. It is fate. "We fall to rise—Sleep to Wake."

—L. Braswell, '25.

A FACE

A face with a smile so tender,
And eyes so deep and true,
A face to whom none could render
Love as great as it is due.

A face that can express
In anyway its desire;
A face from which you may expect
Love instead of hate and ire.

A face that never wears a frown,
But always carries a smile,
Has a look that never turns you down,
But hears you a long, long while.

Such a face can only belong
To one that is dear and true,
Who on her lips has ever a song:
This face, Mother, belongs to you.

—Williamson, '25.

TWILIGHT

The sun has finished sinking,
A golden ball in the west
Casting its rays of orange and red.
As an artist might spread them best.

The birds are soft'y singing
Their sweetest of evening trills,
As slowly the twilight deepens
O'er shadowy, purple hills.

A distant cow-bell is tinkling,
Music, sweet, from afar;
And up in the darkening heavens
Twinkles one lonely star.

S'owly the moon arises,
Queen of the evening skies,
And suddenly faint, fairy music is heard,
Then slowly, sadly it dies.

PARKER, '25.

THE KU KLUX KLAN

I felt uneasy. I gazed in my closet and under my bed once to be sure, and then again to be doubly sure. I took an unusually long time to prepare for bed, just for the sake of lengthening the bright companionship of light. Finally, when I could find no other possible excuse for delay, I snapped out the light, crawled into bed and pulled the cover over my head, quite convinced that I would stay there till morning, no matter what happened. My mind changed when I became half suffocated for lack of air. Out my head came, then, as soon as my lungs were sufficiently filled, back again. What a night! Suddenly I remembered that my windows were closed. No wonder it was hot. Out of bed I jumped, for a short second forgetful of fear. I ran to the window and started—what was that—oh, to my horror, I saw the Ku Klux Klan! I knew it was the K. K. K.—hundreds of them, outside my window! Their ghostly raiment swayed by the night breeze. In some way I regained my bed, and the comforting covers. The minutes dragged by. Each second I expected to be snatched from my bed and murdered. Finally, however, nature reasserted itself and I fell asleep.

When I awoke, daylight streamed in from my still closed window. I raised my head. All at once the thought of the night sickened me. With a shudder I ran to the window to see if my terrifying visitors had left any signs. What—why, what was that?

A shame-faced smile overspread my countenance. There was my wash hung on the line by my faithful Mirandy.

BUNN, 25.

THE FIRST HOME LETTER

The Duke, honored with the first letter from the honeymoon of Rosalind and Orlando, reads it aloud to Mrs. Duke.

June 15, 1595.
Bagdad.

Dearest, sweetest Father:

We have just arrived in Bagdad, and who should be the first person for us to meet but the "Thief of Bagdad!" I found him very interesting. He easily persuaded me to buy one of his magic carpets, so I cashed a check on Orlando for ten thousand. I don't think that he is going to like married life, and suppose I really should have started more gradually, but it is wonderful to have someone to cash all the checks on you want. Ask mother. I know she'll agree with me. I tried to make him get a carpet, too, but he said he'd much rather go on mine with me. I felt so flattered.

I had such a nice letter from Juliet. Don't tell anyone, but she and Romeo are planning to elope. Won't that be exciting. Next time I get married I'm going to do the same thing. I suppose she told me so I could be the first to get them a present. I can't fuss, as she gave me such a pretty set of silver. I've just decided that I'll give them one of the Bagdad specially built cars. You know that would be nice, and as they are only twice as much as a Rolls Royce, Orlando won't have any room to fuss. But he is real sweet, and I still love him, really I do. I made him buy a whole trunk full of new clothes, so I'd have a good excuse to buy some, too. I wanted him to take stock in one of the big companies here, but he said he couldn't afford it. Isn't it terrible to be so poor, and all for the man you love! I am getting tired of traveling. And besides, there are too many pretty girls in Bagdad. I'm in favor of leaving. I've just decided that that must be the reason Orlando thinks the scenery so beautiful. I can't wait for him to get back to ask him about it, and then, maybe, we will have our first quarrel. I think that will be lovely. You might not believe it, father, but I haven't said a cross word. It makes me feel so imposed upon. He is always telling me how much he loves me, but I don't think anything about that. Did you act foolish when you and mother were on your honeymoon? I believe you had too much sense to do anything like that.

I see Orlando coming, so guess I'd better stop and get ready.

Please write to me real soon, as its awfully lonesome with only one person to talk to.

Loads of love to you and mother and Fido.

ROSALIND.

FASHIONS

The modes and fashions of today
Are both discussed in work and play;
En Semble suits are all the rage,
While hats and shoes fill many a page.

Woman's crowning glory's shorn,
Dresses to the Knees are worn;
While rings and bracelets seem to say
The days of grace have gone to stay.

Where are the days when ladies fair
Danced the minuet with stately air?
While candles threw their mellow light
On scenes of joy, so gay and bright?

The outcome of these fashions
Would be very hard and dear,
If we did not change them
Four times every year.

READING, '27.

ROMAN HISTORY

(With no apologies to anybody)
Virginia was a maiden fair
With wondrous golden, curly hair;
In early Rome, she once did live,
And she had all the gifts the gods could give

One day while walking in the street,
Appius Claudius did she meet;
His eye was caught by this pure girl,
Whom he did vow was like a pearl.

He swore that she should be his slave;
Just then passed by her father brave;
To save her from this cruel man,
He killed her with his own right hand.

ARRINGTON, '27.

WHEN IN DOUBT DRINK WATER

"Which shall it be, oh, beating heart, to me thy secret now impart."

These were the words that forced themselves to her lips. Yes, today was her birthday. You can well imagine how old she was, for she had never been kissed. The question that was uppermost in her heart was which of her two suitors to refuse, and how she was to do it. They were the first she had ever had, so she certainly would handle them with gloves.

Lately she had read and studied a great deal, and now she considered herself fully able to meet the present circumstance.

One of the suitors had light hair and the other, dark; but she liked variety, and would be very much pleased to join the Mormons and accept them both. She couldn't draw straws, because she would be disappointed at the result.

She must follow the book, for it had some excellent advice; and as it was written by a very efficient writer, she couldn't go far wrong by taking the supplied knowledge.

The book said that to understand men and their requests, you must first understand yourself. She knew she could answer "I do" to this, for she had been in personal conflict with herself for lo' these many years.

Question number 2: "If you have red hair, the requesting man must have either dark or light hair." Well, this was her Waterloo; in fact, it was the only question that gave her the least bit of trouble.

No. She would positively not ask any one's advice, for it was stuff and nonsense to pay ninety-eight cents for a book and then not go exactly by it.

One of her fond suitors had told her he wanted her, and would guarantee that she would be taken care of; and the other said that he would guarantee that she would be taken care of, and that he wanted her.

So there was nothing in that part of it to give her the slightest clue.

Well, she slept over it that night, and the next day, what should she receive in the mail but a great long letter. It was from the house of Etiquette, and among the first things she saw was, "When the conversation lulls, tell an interesting anecdote." She would try that next time. She also saw written in large letters, "When in doubt, drink water." She would lose no time in doing this.

She started that day, spending most of her time by the old well in the garden, for here she was enwrapt in that sublime atmosphere which only a happy one can know. After drinking and drinking she imagined she was becoming lighter, and before long this same feeling induced her to accept the light-haired cavalier . So that evening in the beautiful old garden, she accepted the kind offer. After all, it was best, as he sought her for a secretary, while the dark-haired suitor sought her for a stenographer.

EBERHARDT, '26.

ODE TO A GARBAGE CAN

I want to be a garbage can
  And sit out on the lawn,
To lend to toiling men a hand,
  To help from night till morn.

I want to feed on old tin cans,
  On worn out leather shoes,
In all the papers of the land
  To read the daily news.

I want an individual scent,
  To haunt the passers-by,
One to me by onions lent,
  To last me till I die.

—Eberhardt, '26.

ATHLETIC SNAPSHOTS

THE UNWELCOME COMPANION

We started bright and early that July morning, for it was pleasanter then than later in the day. The horses, well fed and frisky, were impatient to be off, and we left the farm at a brisk pace, determined to make the most of our ride before the daily lazy and stubborn streak, to which our beloved animals were victims, should hit them.

It was a glorious morning, and the air was filled with the faint perfume of new mown hay. The bushes, bordering the little stream beside us rustled softly, sometimes shaken by a passing breeze and then again by the many small feathered folk, chirping as they searched for a choice tit-bit among the leaves. All nature seemed peaceful and content, and we felt carefree and independent. So, a touch to our steeds, and hats in hand and hair flying, we galloped down the road. We had gone perhaps a mile when suddenly our thoughts were interrupted. The horses stopped abruptly, and, more than that, they reared and plunged. But it was not perverseness. There, directly in our path, munching a tasty bunch of grass and regarding us with a mild, contemplative air, was a hideous small brown animal with long twisted horns of a formidable aspect. We addressed this impediment in no uncertain tones, but he was evidently a foreigner and misunderstood us, for he only ambled lazily towards us, causing still more disturbance. In fact, the horses were for an immediate right about face, but with the aid of switches we persuaded them that Billy might be passed, and we darted forward again. We kept up a steady run for some distance and, having left the goat far behind, decided to moderate our pace and rest awhile.

We were discussing this little episode and admiring the view when a faint sound, not at all in keeping with our surroundings, reached us. We listened, and it came again distinctly. The hoarse goat laugh, generally described as a baa, sounded directly behind us, and there, puffing and panting like a fat old wash-woman, was our friend Billy, his long horns tossing, and a pleading look in his brown eyes. Again we hastened on, and again we stopped. But, Billy was not to be outdone, and, like the tortoise, he kept steadily on. Finally we accepted his presence as inevitable, and decided to ignore him. He took no hints, however, and trotted along with us or just at our heels.

The country population was awake and up by this time, and on rounding a curve we came upon some farm hands on their way to the fields. They regarded us curiously, and when they saw our companion must have thought we were advertising a "Wild West Show," at least, they looked it. After several encounters of a similar character, we considered ourselves immune to the rude stares of the passerby and greeted every one with a sickly grin.

Once, however, we grinned in earnest. A pretty young lady approached us down a little foot path, a summer boarder from all appearances, and dressed in the inevitable high heels and tight skirts. The temptation was too great, and we yelled to her in warning tones, "There's a goat coming, you'd better run!"

"Is there, really? Will he get me? Oh! those horns." Catching sight of friend Billy, she grabbed the lower branch of a young fruit tree, and, kicking energetically with her heels, she attempted to pull herself out of reach. But to her surprise and our sorrow, she might have been a stone by the wayside as far as the goat was concerned. He chose to follow faithfully in our tracks, panting as if utterly exhausted.

Finally, after traveling nearly three miles, he was attracted to a side road by an unseen power, and we left him, and went our way rejoicing, to finish our pleasure trip.

We started on the homeward path about noon, and kept a lookout for our fellow traveler of the morning. But there was no sign of him till a short distance from home, when we passed him being dragged along by his master, a poor half-wit, who was attempting with gentle words and some means not so humane, to persuade Billy to part from a kindly Jersey cow to whom he had suddenly grown very attached.

PARKER, '25.

CIRCUS
LYNE

JOKES

Eliza—"How can I keept postage stamps from sticking together?"
Celia—"Buy 'em one at a time."

MOST INTELLIGENT?

Penn—"Is that boy a junior?"
Jamie—"No, he is a senior next year."

Miss Sampson—"Why, you have on Joseph's coat!"
Janice—(Wearing a multi-colored coat): "No indeed, it's my very own."

Archie (sighing)—"I'll never get over what I saw last night!"
Ray—"What's that?"
Archie—"The moon!"

Mr. Brooks—"Do I understand Dr. Koch is to read "Romeo and Juliet" here this afternoon?"
Miss Jenny—"Oh no, he knows it all by heart.

Mary—"What's the matter with you?"
Margaret Moore—"Daddy just called me over the phone!"
Mary—"What did he call you?"

Jack—"Every time I get peeved with my girl I enter it in my diary."
Louisa—"Oh, I see, you keep a little scrap book."

Miss Marshall—"Such an exciting thing happened to me today."
John Belk—"What was that?"
Miss Marshall—"I went riding, and my horse fell in a stream—oh, most up to his waist!"

"Have you seen Ed anywhere?"
"No. But I just saw Miss Lindsay going into the practice hall!"

Pan (the morning after the roaring windstorm)—"Oh! I was so thankful for a peaceful night!"
Dorcas—"Yes, the keys are locked in the top drawer, I'll sell you some as soon as I find the chocolate."

Whitley—(having been asked to make a sentence with turn or flee)—"The dog turned on his back and scratched his flea!"

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Ray Anderson not powdered?
Lil Braswell quiet?
Frances Reynolds in an old-fashioned costume?
Edwina not going to Main Building at least once a day?
Peggy Porter deprived of her—ah—Banana Oil?
Jameson Bunn not bossing?
Dorothy Lassiter without crushes?
Louisa Taber with small feet?
Martha Parker just five feet?
Anne White not trying to be deep?
Penn Lyne not thinking she's a privileged character?
Eliza Coxe and Rose Lambeth without a hidden supply of chocolate?
Louise Martin May Queen?
Mary Clara Tate not practicing?
Louise Shuey speaking in study hall?
Miss Steinbrenner late to a meal?
Miriam Weeks not dancing?
Miss "Sampie" not busy?
Fassifern—co-ed?—
No—neither can I!

MY BROTHER'S BEST GAL

Jim an' I's real good pals, you see,
But gosh, how we envy each other!
Jim's got a sister as sweet as can be,
An' all that I got is a brother.

Aw, shucks, he's most ten years older'n me,
An' my, how he bosses me round!
Always making me do things—aw gee!
Some day I ain't gonner be round.

Now Jim's sister's pretty as ever you seed,
An' gee! but she's good to a feller;
But Jim, somehow he don't foller her lead,
Say's she won't do nothin' you tell her.

Says he wishes he had that old brother of mine,
Says he ain't fraid of a thing;
Says Sis is afraid of the clothes on the line,
An jumps when she hears the bell ring.

But dere's one kind of ring she ain't scared of, you bet!
And dat's de one brother he gun her;
I ain't seen her out of the sight of it yet—
O, I reckon my brother, he's won her.

—Coxe, '25.

Thou Shalt Not Crib—

Jamie—on Math exam—"How far are you from the correct answer?"

"Lil—"Two seats."

Louise Martin—Everybody who is not here, hold up your hands, so we can tell how many are absent!"

SENIORS

Why We Came To Fassifern

Chops—To get fat.
Peggy—To grow.
Celia—To get enough Bunns.
Dorcas—To sell chocolate
Lil—To add finishing touches.
Miriam—To giggle.
Jameson—To rest.
Liza—To "rain."
Mary Clara—To get away from the boys.
Nancy—Because folks couldn't stand her at home.
Frances—To learn how to coquette.
Edwina—Because nobody knows what a red headed Mama will do.
Emily—To take pills.
Pan—Forgotten why.
Helen—To ride us around.
Elizabeth W.—To give us lawn parties.
Rose—To bloom.
Isabel—To furnish romance.
Margaret—To keep a Memory book.
Louise Lattamore—To deliver messages from Blue Ridge.
Louise Martin—To tell yarns.
Miss Stone—To bring us up right.

The Truth

He was tall, too good looking to be true, and a woman hater, the last named fact being one which rendered him all the more desirable in Patty's green eyes. She was attractive, she knew it, and every one else knew it, but because he seemed unaware of it, she "set her cap for him." Not that she wanted him at all—indeed, she told herself that she hated him, but that he should be punished in some way for his lack of humility to her sex.

So she took the initial step in getting herself invited to the house party Bill's sister was giving. Then the only thing that remained was for him to save her life, and Patty, winner of four swimming medals, proceeded to overturn a canoe in the middle of the lake and drown with all due ceremony before the eyes of the woman hater on the banks. Plunging in, to the ruination of his new clothes, Bill swam leisurely over to her, clutched her firmly by her short red hair, and in this unromantic fashion towed her shoreward. Instead of kissing her or bemoaning her untimely death, as the unconscious Patty was confidently expecting, he began methodically rolling her across a log with such energy that she hastily revived, being physically unable to stand his disinterested attentions.

During the following days she collapsed in his arms when a mouse appeared, sat in the moonlight with him, rode with him, talked of everything from psychology to the latest dance, acted the clinging vine until her independent soul revolted,—in fact did everything that a fertile brain could conceive might be pleasing to the masculine mind, but with no visible results—Bill seemed hardly aware of her existence.

On the last day of the house party, in desperation, she played her trump, one which had never been known to fail. She enticed him to a stroll down the lane and then sprained her ankle. Long he looked into her tear-filled eyes and then, picking her up, sat on a log.

"Little one," said he with a grin, "I am awfully tired of being chased."

"Why!——I didn't come her to be insulted!" gasped Patty, rising with dignity.

"Of course not," he agreed soothingly, "you came her to sprain your ankle. Seems to be all right now," he continued amiably, as she stamped her foot in rage. "You really didn't like me at all, did you?" he pursued calmly.

"I hated you!" she cried, her face red with shame.

"This is interesting," declared he with a delighted laugh. "Its a new sensation for you to run from me."

Patty could have stood anger, reproach, even swearing, she had stood them smilingly before this, but she could not stand ridicule.

"I hate you! You are a brute!" she sputtered, starting away; but, catching her hand, Bill pulled her down beside him on the log.

"You are the brute," he said quietly, "for had I fallen for you, you would have taken my scalp and promptly forgotten me. As it is, you love me."

Patty, weeping with rage, denied the charge vehemently, but when, with his arms around her he questioned her, she admitted the truth.

PORTER, '25.

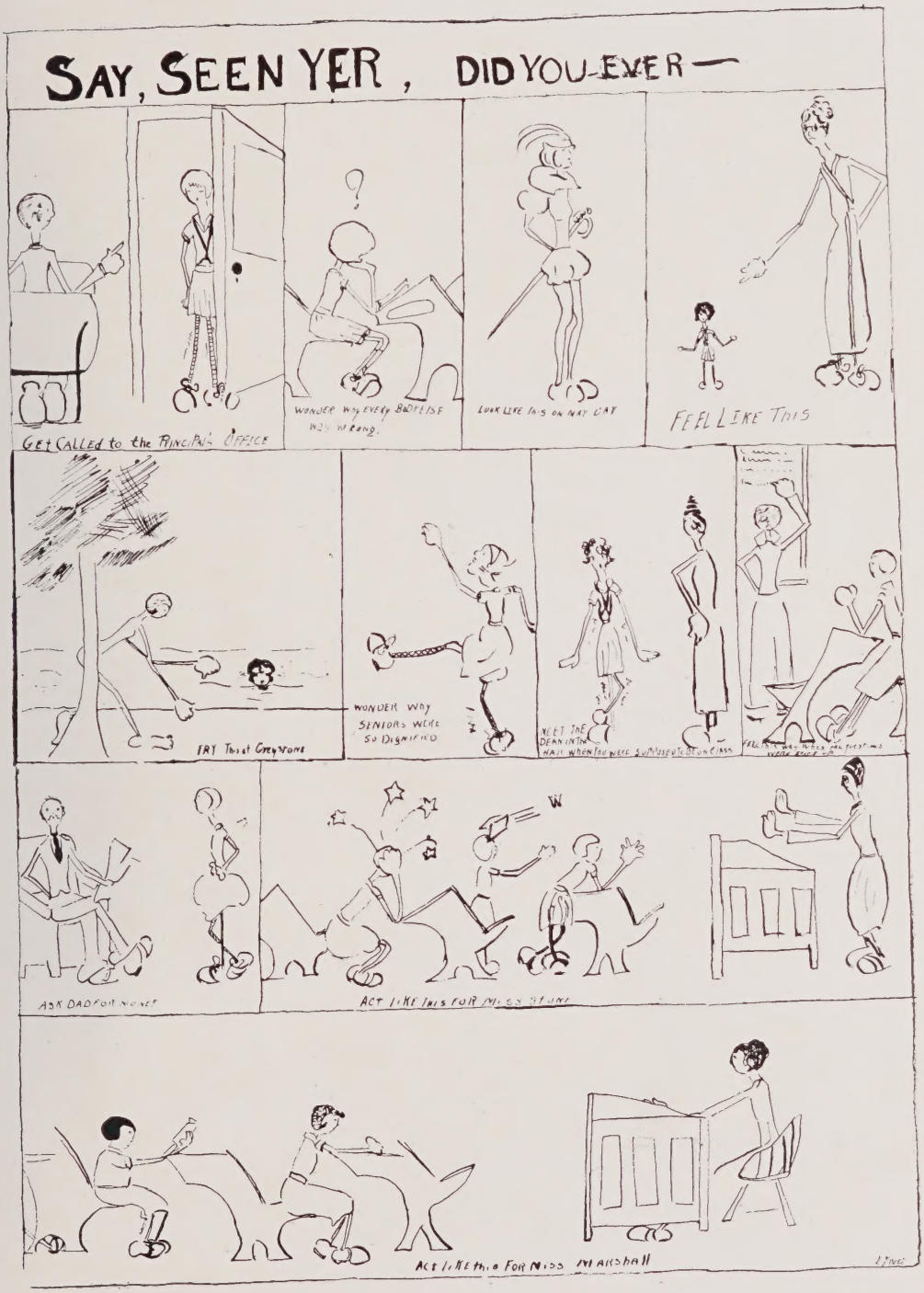
MAY TIME

It was May Time, and country people were along the main streets of the city with armfuls and sometimes wagonloads of flowers to sell. These brilliant blossoms by their very profusion and variety changed the street into a riot of color.

Down the street a prosperous, jolly man was coming, followed by two hired helpers. He was buying quantities of beautiful flowers for the decoration at a coming social entertainment.

Suddenly, a poor girl with a pitifully appealing face stopped this man and, holding out her bouquet, pleadingly asked him to buy her paper pansies. The man, after casting a significant glance around at the other exquisite flowers, he, why, he laughed!

E. BRASWELL, '25.


SAY, SEEN YER, DID YOU EVER —
GET CALLED to the PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE
WONDER WHY EVERY BODY ELSE WAS WRONG.
LOOK LIKE THIS ON MAY DAY
FEEL LIKE THIS
TRY THAT GREYSTONE
WONDER WHY SENIORS WERE SO DIGNIFIED
ASK DAD FOR MONEY
ACT LIKE THIS FOR MISS STUNZ
ACT LIKE THIS FOR MISS MARSHALL
LINE

ON CAESAR'S HEAD

A SPRING FANTASY

T'was break of day. The sky of blue
From North to South, from East to West,
Without a fleck, except one cloud
That caught the dawn's first gleam;
A rosy negligee she wore,
Her cheeks flushed by her slumber sweet
Of many hours, or at perhaps
Remembrance of some dream.

Then changed she to a frock of white,
A morning gown with fluffy lines;
To wait Apollo, God of light,
To race across the sky.
She did not flit, this dainty cloud,
But tripped along at comely pace.
She waited for her lord, who still
Behind the hills did lie.

Just then the sun flashed o'er a peak.
A smile did crown his lofty brow
To see a dainty maiden there
With whom to spend the day.
So still it was, so quiet, so calm,
That they alone traversed the sky.
No other cloud did interrupt,
To stop them at their play.

The sun was glad of company
His tiresome voyage to thus divert.
She flitted lightly by his side,
A bright attractive ray.
She flirted by each word and look—
No wonder he succumbed at last,
No wonder he forgot the clouds
Of any other day.

But when the evening did draw near,
She wore a scarf of purest gold,
A skirt of lavender o'er cast
With shadows black and dead.
He praised her on her lovely frock,
Yet, told how he must go away;
Then snatched just one sweet farewell kiss
That flushed her rosy red.

KIMBLEY, 26.

VISIONS

I gazed into a cloud of mist,
A castle saw I there,
With turrets tall, a moat about,
Where silver fish leaped in and out,
Touched by the sun's first gleam.

The dome was rosy in the dawn
With iridescent hues,
That peeped out through the deepening light,
Then hid themselves as if in fright
When cruel winds gust by.

And then the cloud did disappear.
I sighed to see again
That palace that was all so fair!
I saw a dirty city there,
Commonplace, drear and grim.

I gazed into a cloud of mist,
The future saw I there;
'Twas full of youth's glad prospects bright.
Of course I knew I'd have to fight,
Yet reach the goal at last.

What will the future hold for me
Of fortune, fame or love?
Will it have health and happiness,
Or fade with the same rapidness
As castles in the air?

KIMBLEY, '26.

MUSINGS OF PIERRETTE

What does life mean to me?
I wonder if I can make you see.

Happiness, laughter, idle romancing,
Freedom, youth, singing, dancing.

Warm, golden sunshine, beaming bright,
Mystical moon, haunting, silvery light;

Kisses fleeting, breath of spring,
Twittering birds poised on wing;

Rose leaves floating on a blue, blue sea,
A star peeping through the sycamore tree;

Green woodlands, fairies' bowers,
The faint perfume of flowers,

Wafted on a breath of wind;
Smiles from eyes by tears undimmed;

Half forgotten melodies, soft and low,
All this—and you, Pierrot!

—BUNN, '25.

WHOZIT

Frances Scales
Most Loyal to School
Most Influential

Cecelia Bell
"Best Follower"

Harriet Eberhardt
Wittiest, Most Original

Eleanor Williamson
Most Unselfish

Jameson Bunn
Most Talented,
Most Intellectial,
Best all round.
Cutest.

Lillian Braswell
Most Attractive,
Best Natured.

Penn Lyne
Most Stylish.

Helen Hagood
Most Studious.

Ray Anderson.
Daintiest.

M.C. Tate. *Most Dignified*
Biggest Man-Hater, - Most Courteous.

Louisa Taber
"Best Leader."

Eliza Coxe
Best Athlete.

THE LAVENDER DRESS

It was a lovely, flimsy thing, worn by a beautiful blonde girl. The first time I saw it I knew that it had some magic power. After meeting the owner, I learned that whenever this dress was worn, the wearer was possessed with some fantastic beauty. It was a mystery, and I was one among many trying to solve it. In this one night did I wish to perform the task which my irresistible desire had set for me. I knew not what to do or where to go. I waited.

Why should I want to know the legend of this dress? A plain dress, that was probably sold at some shop for a few dollars. But, that was no plain dress, it had magic that drew me to it, and I wanted to take it, even if I had to tear it from the owner's back.

Why this wild passion seized me I do not know. Later I became aware of it coming closer to me. I wanted to run, to hide my face in shame.

She was only a lovely girl ever enjoying herself, especially when wearing "The Lavender Dress." However, there **was** magic.

WHITE, '25.

THE SPARK OF BEAUTY

This spark is salved from a meteor's fire
In a cul-de-sac for a time,
Where it flickers and awaits some one's desire
That may call it back to its former clime.

Then comes a period of haphazard roaming—
By chance thru the clouds of dawn,
Mayhap thru the mists of the gloaming—
Mayhap on the wings of the morn—

Mayhap in the cool of the evening's blue—
Thru the slant rays of the cycle moon;
Mayhap in the cool of the evening's tide
Or from the depths of night's deep gloom.

Hovering near the shade of a running brook,
Softening all that is stark;
Lingering a while on a mountain side—
Soaring in the song of a lark.

Perhaps when the wee hours slowly glide,
It'll come slipping in with them,
Following the wake of a leaping star,
Like the flash of a clean-cut gem.

It sparks and sparkles around the world,
Till it reaches the beginning again—
Touching a moment the brow of a girl—
Lighting the deed of a man.

There are those that find it in every thing,
There are those that find it afar,
And those that find it never at all
In the cast of things as they are.

But they seek it throughout a romance—land
In castles and woodlands fair;
For it they'll give to the last lone stand,
For it great kingdoms they'd tear.

They are the ones, the chosen few,
Who are nearest akin to the spark:
Life lived with a gesture—nothing worth the rue—
A moment—sparks blend—then dark.

PORTER, '25.

LEST WE FORGET

There he stood in the sunset glow, selling pencils. The crash and whir of the city was in his ears. Crowds hurried past, all intent on reaching their destination in the least possible time. Even in this rush a thin desk-bowed clerk paused for a glance at the resplendent sky. Why was it that the man on the corner seemed to derive no pleasure from the beauty of a slender, spire-like building against the blood-stained West? Was it because the crimson would remind him of blood-stained No-Man's Land? One glance at the lowered eyelids and his occupation was sufficient answer.

It was embittering to stand there, half catching now and then some exclamation about the glory of nature, as the human tide swept past. He felt the mellow warmth that comes only from a low-hung sun, on the hand that held the pencils.

Selling pencils! Was that the job of a man strong in mind and body, who had been the cleverest, most daring Lieutenant in Company C 28 of the A. E. F., one who had been beloved by the men and depended upon by his superior officers; who had fought valiantly in the valley of the Marne?

How it all came back to him. He saw again, in fancy, the flickers of the lantern in the dug-out, the weary soldiers waiting for words from home and dear ones. It was all so vivid, the grave-faced officer seated at his table asking for volunteers for a scouting party for No-Man's Land. He remembered thinking, as he stepped forward, that the artificial light picked out strands of silver in his beloved chief's hair that were unnoticable by day.

Out into that nightmare world of barbed wire, mud and lurid flashes the little band had crept. They had become separated in the darkness, and he had been almost upon the enemy's trenches before he realized it. He had heard gutteral voices in conversation. He crawled nearer, and with his fair knowledge of the German language was able to pick up quite a bit of valuable information. He crawled back through the mud and slime undiscovered. Just before reaching his own lines, there had been a blinding flash, an explosion, then oblivion. Consciousness came back slowly. There was a vague realization of being lowered into a trench. With an effort he had managed to pull himself out of the abyss long enough to impart the information.

For a while darkness reigned. Three weeks later, while the bandages still covered his sightless eyes, he had been presented with a Croix de Guerre. He was proud, intensely proud, not so much for the personal glory as for the proof that he had served his country faithfully.

It was six years now, and over, since the armistice was signed. He had been a hero then. Ah, how soon the world forgets those who give their youth and life in the cause of liberty. A great wave of bitterness overcame him; the injustice of it all! Had it been worth while? Before him rose the vision of a little French mother. She had been standing on her porch chattering with some of the boys, adding her bit of cheer to their lonely lives, when a telegram arrived informing her that her son had been killed in action. She had for a moment bowed her head to hide the agony of grief written on her face, then straightening herself proudly said: "My only regret is that I had but one son to give to France." This noble mother put to shame his meditations.

Darkness was coming on. The lights of the city leaped into being. A mist crept up from the river, wafting a cool breath through the stifling streets. The night life of the great metropolis had not yet begun. In the shadow of a building a solitary figure straightened itself and stepped forward to the curb. There he stood on the corner, selling pencils.

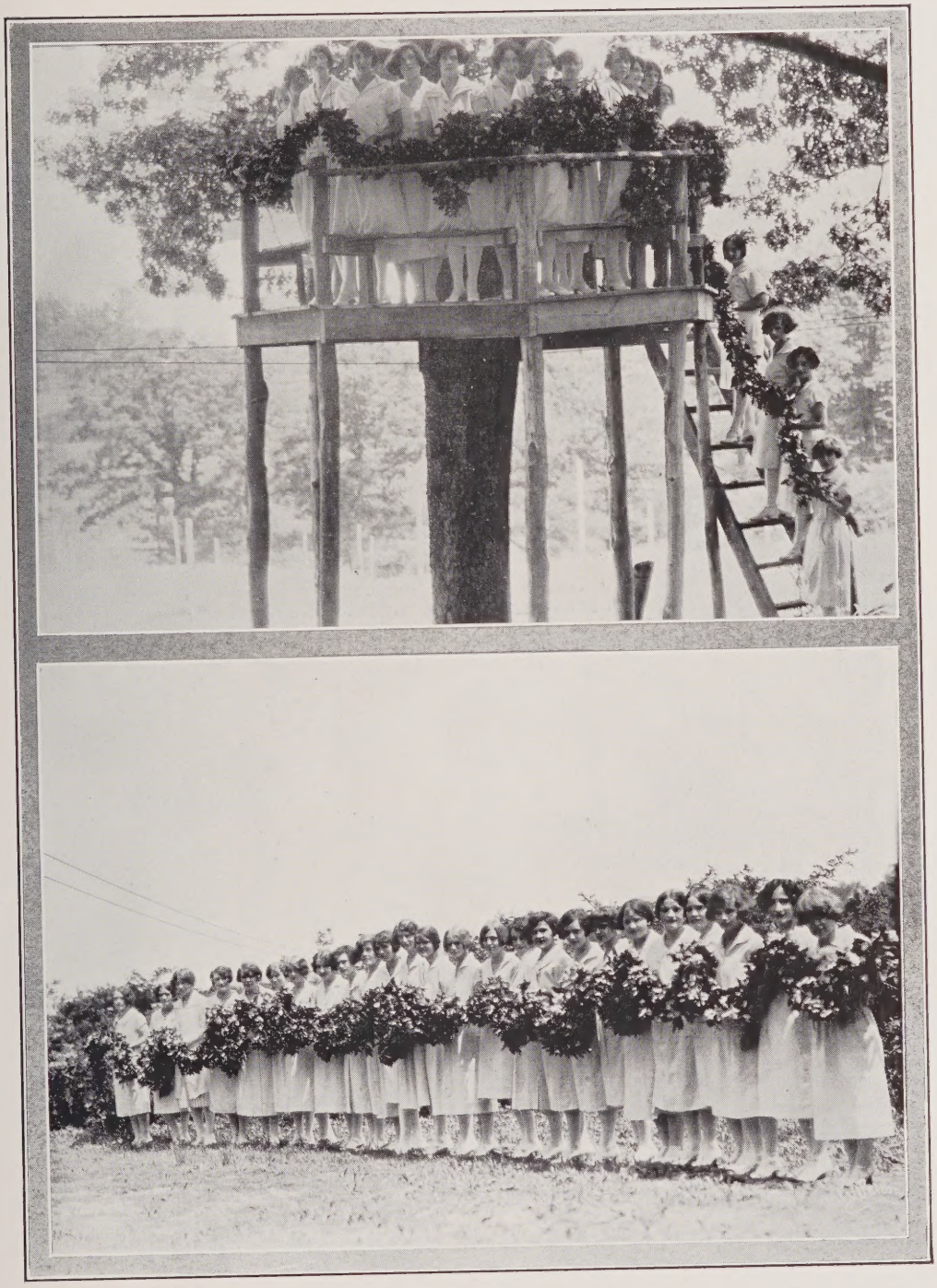
Kimbley, '26.

THE STARS

I saw as I lay in my bed last night,
The stars that give us their tiny light;
They are small, and yet so great to me:
They are made by God's love, you see.

Each twinkle means a happy smile,
That cheers me for a little while;
And then I sleep, so satisfied,
That He is watching by my side.

Kimbley, '25.



MAY DAY

1925

EDITORS' NOTE

Say—fellow creatures—we've had a hard time with this book. We started out to make it a complete failure, just a little scrap book, nothing more, to quote our poet; and somehow we just couldn't do it. So many people hindered us. First, you, see, we had the help of Miss Stone. She persisted in making us run for adds, collect the money and material, and work steadily; that was enough to discourage us—but finally she locked us in a room and just made us finish (that's what we are doing now).

Then the girls *would* write such wonderful poetry; we begrudge putting it in. For you see our little scrap book is in danger of becoming a masterpiece. Penn Lyne would stick in original etchings and drawings in spite of our protests.

Aw shoot! Mr. Parker, of Knoxville Engraving Company, insisted upon coming down here and getting the material just as soon as we finished it. Such a bore—just exactly what we didn't want him to do, but he utterly disregarded our rights as editors of a scrap book.

And Miss Battle would type—we asked her to stop, told her she would receive no thanks from us, but she kept right on, steadily, and you know nothing is so disconcerting to the editors of a failure as steady work.

And Mr. Pelton knew the art of photography. If it was a beautiful day, everything stood out with a leaf-like quality. If his car broke down and he couldn't get here in the afternoon, he took pictures at night. If the day was dark and rainy, he marched us out in the drizzle, and the weather but beautified and softened the effect. Curses!

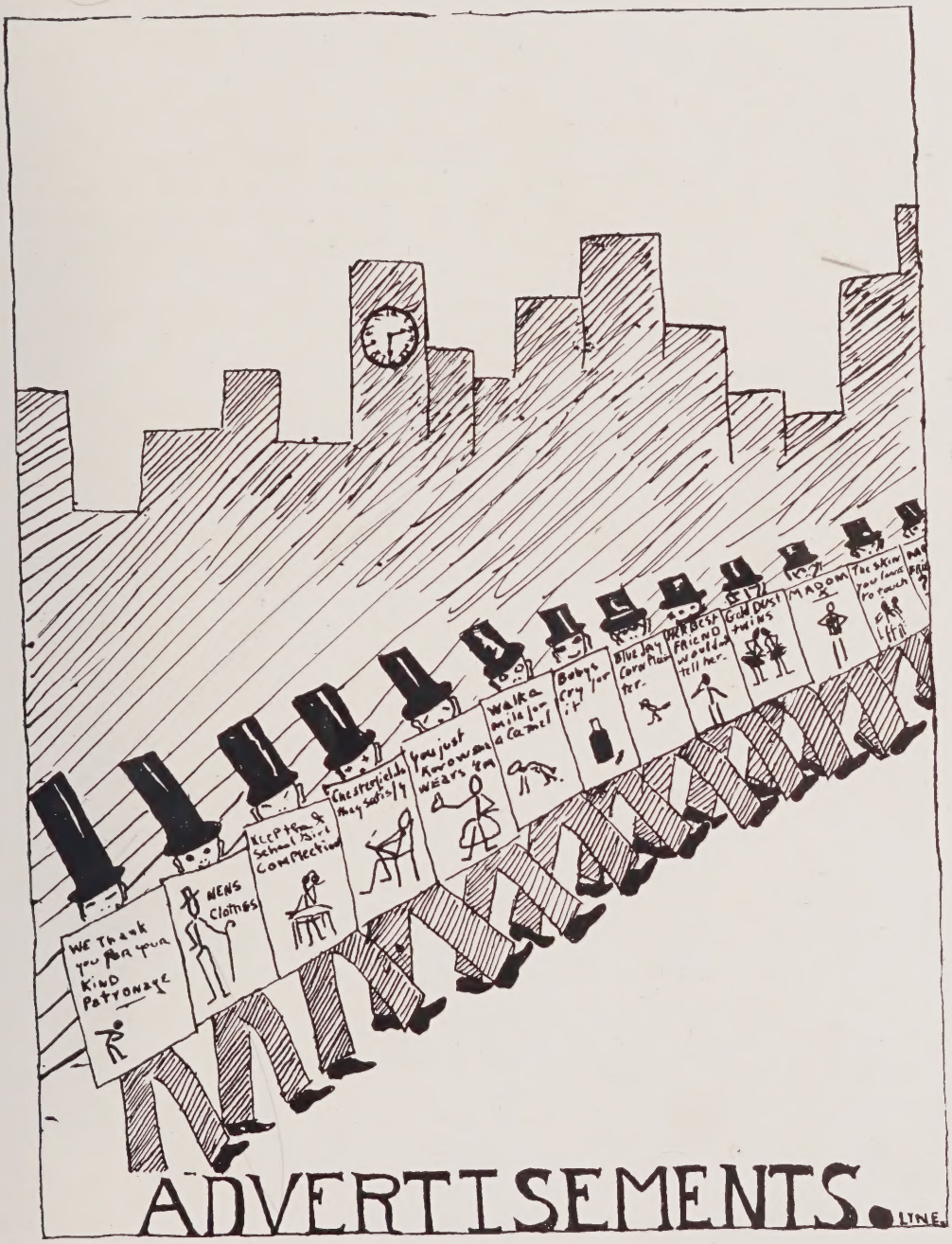
Finally, the girls all would buy annuals—We only wanted to put out seventy-five annuals, and lo! Mr. Ellerbe put out a hundred for an even smaller price. And they were all sold. Imagine our distress! Of course we have something in our favor—the jokes are all old, so look serious; the prices are too high (Pan's fault); and the adds put in wrong (if they are in at all), and the covers are hideous. But the local editor has the mumps, and the firm that printed the annual last year went broke, so we still have hopes.

Now that you have gone thru our book, for this most assuredly shall be the end (sighs of relief), if the questions of its just merits comes to your mind, we can only say, "Judge for yourself."

And if by chance you like it—

Don't give us the credit—

THE EDITORS.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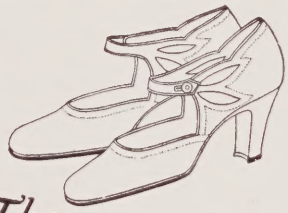

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is what makes our motto

"When Better Cars Are Built
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VIOLETS

THE violets again—little wet violets, and there is the clean, sweet breath of spring. One would lift his head and drink deep—taste this newness, this grateful freshness that is about. There is a quicker leap of life, and Nature seems to stir with a kind of tenderness. There is deeper glow on the faces of children—easier happiness on a tiny, nestling face.... Girlhood comes to outward whiteness again—the cool, crisp sign of spring. And in all is the subtle charm of violets—little human, tremulous things, gentle as love's whisper, pure as purity. Restful, quaint little flower, too—simple, appealing.... Flower to lay on a baby that has died—to give as seemly tribute to womanhood—to press against the face as easement for tired heart.... Such a dear, peaceful little flower, all alone in flower-land—emblems of the world's simplest and best, and waiting to mock a false face or adorn the beauty that comes from the soul.

(From *"Idle Comments"* By Isaac Erwin Avery)

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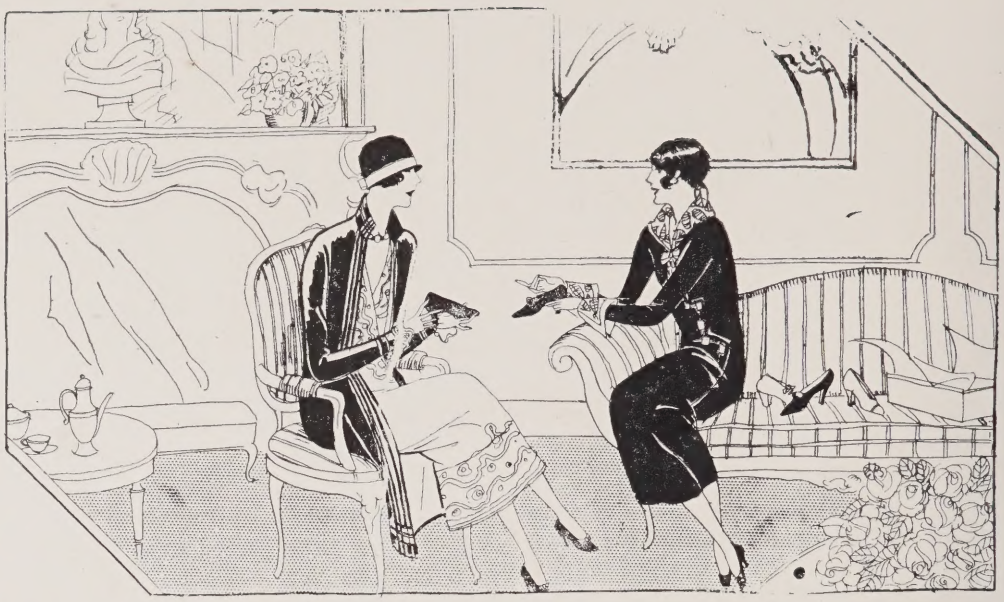

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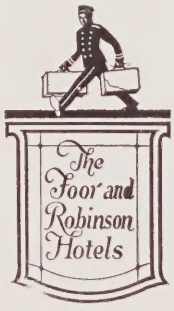
Hendersonville North Carolina

In Your Travels This Symbol Will Guide You to a Good Hotel



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